

Read General O. O. Howard's Denial of Mismanagement in the Army.

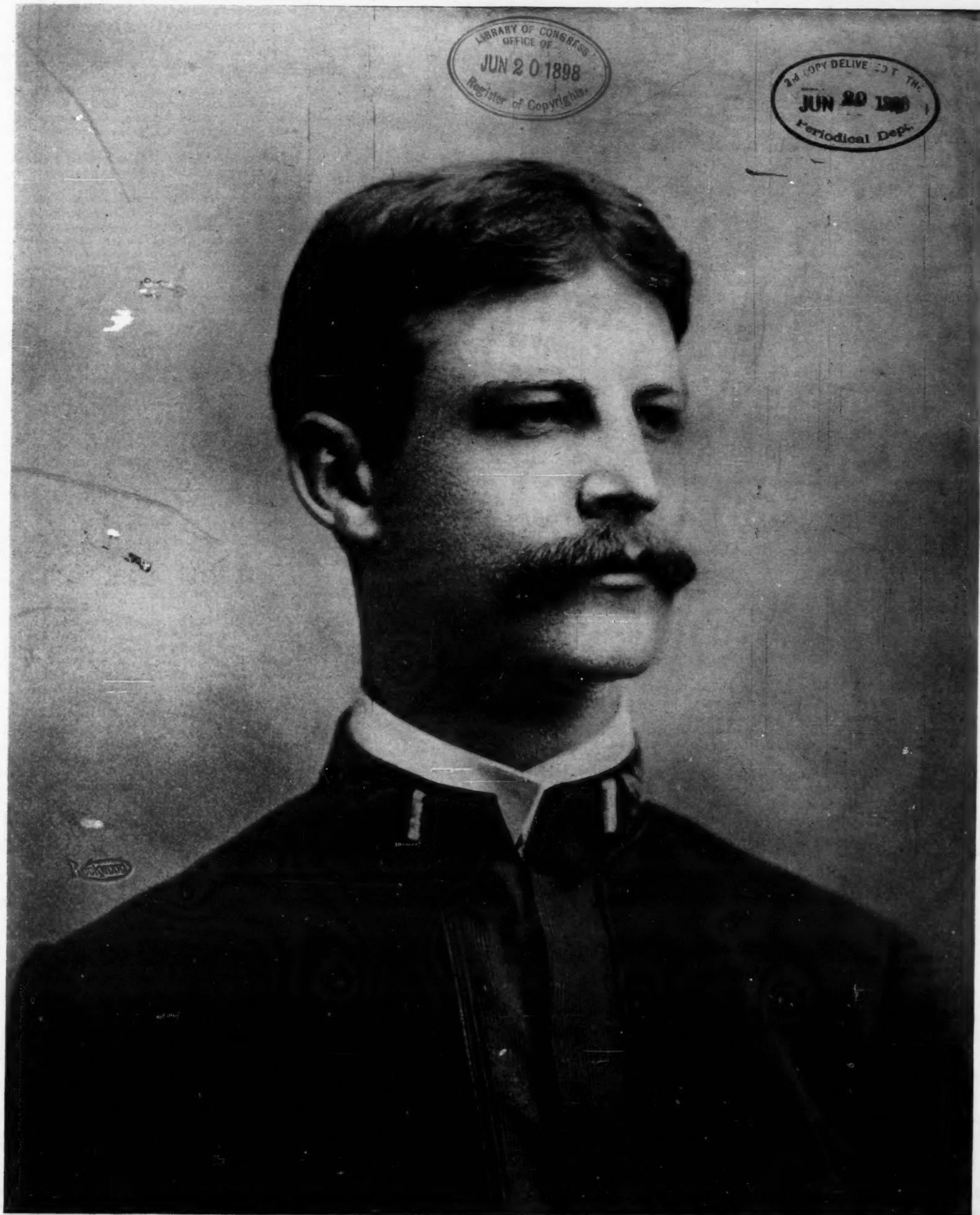
LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

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ANOTHER HERO FROM DIXIE'S LAND.

LIEUTENANT RICHMOND P. HOBSON, OF GREENSBORO, ALABAMA, WHO DARED THE FIRE OF THE SPANIARDS IN SANTIAGO HARBOR AND SUNK THE "MERRIMAC," BLOCKING IN CERVERA'S FLEET.—FROM HIS MOST RECENT PHOTOGRAPH BY ROCKWOOD.—[SEE PAGE 402.]

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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JUNE 23, 1898.

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SPECIAL WAR RATE: One Dollar to November 1st, to all new subscribers who remit at once.

Hobson's Heroic Achievement.

ADD eight more names to the roll of heroes that this war has made! They are Lieutenant Richmond P. Hobson and the seven volunteers who sank the *Merrimac* in the harbor of Santiago on the morning of June 3d. Epic poems have been written about deeds less daring than that. Both the plan and the execution of it were worthy of men of heroic type. The conditions were such as seemed to assure the certain death of all the men engaged in the enterprise.

Destruction threatened the *Merrimac* and its gallant little crew, as it steamed into the Santiago channel, from three distinct quarters. First was the peril of the mines sown thick under the waters and ready to be exploded by the enemy at an instant's warning; second, the peril of the explosives carried by the *Merrimac* to be used for the destruction of the vessel by its own crew; and third, and greatest of all, the peril from the forts, ships, and batteries of the enemy lining the shores at the harbor entrance, and certain to pour out all their fury on the ship the moment it came within range.

It seemed hardly possible that the men of the *Merrimac* could do the deed they had planned and survive. But they did it, and live to tell the tale. They dared the concealed mines; they blew up their own vessel; they passed under the withering fire of the enemy, and not a life was lost. The work they started out to do was done, and Admiral Cervera was safely penned within the harbor of Santiago. It is not surprising that the Spanish admiral, old soldier that he is, should have given quick recognition to such a gallant feat of arms by sending his own chief-of-staff to assure Admiral Sampson that Lieutenant Hobson and his associates were safe, though prisoners, and that they would be treated with all the consideration due to brave men.

It was a chivalrous act of Admiral Cervera, and we expect to do the same by him at an early date.

Hawaii Must Be Ours.

THE graceful concession of Speaker Reed to the will of the majority of his party associates in the matter of the annexation of Hawaii removes the last formidable obstacle to the accomplishment of that object. Nothing is left of the opposition. It is not necessary to rehearse the arguments in favor of annexation. They were strong enough to convince President McKinley, Secretary Sherman, and other Cabinet advisers at the outset of the present administration that Hawaii ought to be ours. The best and most enlightened sentiment of the country has been favorable to annexation all along.

To all other arguments in favor of the proposed action the present war has added a new and imperative one. By a course of events whose outcome could hardly be foreseen we shall be compelled to take and hold the Philippine Islands for an indefinite period, and we cannot easily do that unless we have a coaling-station midway of the Pacific. Hawaii is the only island that will serve this purpose. We are using it as a base of supplies now for our Pacific fleet out of sheer necessity, but we cannot continue to do this in justice to ourselves nor to the Hawaiian people unless we assume a different relation toward them.

Whether we keep the Philippines or not, or take to ourselves any of the West Indies as the fruit of a victory over Spain, we must have Hawaii. The question of Hawaiian annexation stands on a basis of its own, distinct in all its essential features from the questions connected with other proposed colonial possessions. It must be decided by itself without reference to the general policy of colonial expansion, about which opinions differ so widely. It is not a question of forcible possession. The Hawaiian people have long since demonstrated their desire to come under the protection of our flag. They are ready to meet us more than half-way.

The majority of the Hawaiians, and the ruling class, are an educated and enlightened people, thoroughly imbued with American ideas and conversant with American principles and methods of government. They are living under a government closely modeled after our own. The incorporation of Hawaii into our body politic would therefore throw upon us no new and complicated problems such as we will have to face if we take Porto Rico or the Philippines. We can govern Hawaii as easily as we can govern any of our Territories.

Possession of the Sandwich Islands will be of immense advantage to us from a commercial and strategic point of

view, and this is a consideration which we cannot now afford to overlook, however indifferent we may have been to it in the past. The nation that holds these islands holds the key to trade and power in the Pacific. We must have that key.

A Mother's Offering.

Go, at thy country's call.
Whatever gentle bonds may hold thee here,
Whatever tender claims may seem more dear,
Thy duty!—first of all.

Go! And God guard thy way—
Through all the hidden dangers of the night,
Through pain and peril—to the dawning light
Of peaceful day.

Go! Thy young heart is brave.
Battle for right with all thy strength and will.
Shouldst thou not triumph, thou at least canst fill
A soldier's grave.

Go! If the cause be won,
On the bright record free of stain or blot
Thy name shall shine forever; but if not,
God's will be done!

Go! I can say adieu
As gladly as a greeting home to thee,
And look my last through smiles, if thou wilt be
Firm, brave, and true.

Go! my one child! my joy—
Unto his country for whatever fate,
By these last tears, O Heaven! I consecrate
My only boy!

MADELINE S. BRIDGES.

It Still Leads.

We are under obligations to many contemporaries and to a host of subscribers for complimentary words regarding the enterprise of *LESLIE'S WEEKLY* in presenting to its readers the best pictorial history of the war published. From the outset of the war with Spain this paper has led in the publication of the best pictures from the seat of war. Its artists, photographers, and correspondents, all carefully equipped and under competent direction, are distributed wherever they can be made most available for the exacting work committed to their charge.

The illustrations and the correspondence printed by us from week to week constitute an accurate and reliable history of the war with Spain—a history that is being carefully preserved by thousands of readers not only in the United States, but also in many foreign countries. Our readers may rest assured that we shall continue to give them the very best that time, labor, and money can procure for their entertainment, instruction, and delight.

Our latest offer is to send *LESLIE'S WEEKLY* to all new subscribers from the date of subscription until November 1st for one dollar. This will no doubt cover the duration of the war. It is the best offer ever made by a great pictorial weekly.

WANTED.—Copies of *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*, Numbers 2208, January 6th; 2209, January 13th; and 2216, March 3d, to complete our official files. Parties having copies of these issues will kindly communicate with *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

The Condition of Our Army.

We publish elsewhere an article from the brave old war veteran Major-General O. O. Howard, expressly denying that our soldiers in the camps in Florida and elsewhere are suffering from lack of proper food and clothing, or from any other preventable cause.

General Howard's views are the result of his personal observations in the principal camps, where he has had exceptional opportunities for learning the exact truth. He is an old campaigner himself and he knows whereof he speaks. The information he gives will bring relief to many who have friends and relatives in the army, and who have been made anxious by the false and exaggerated reports as to the condition of affairs in these camps.

As General Howard says, the department officials at Washington and the officers in immediate charge of the troops may be trusted to perform their duties with all due zeal and thoroughness. They are, for the most part, men who understand their business thoroughly, and are above all suspicion of any motives that would prompt them to unnecessary delays or to any form of mismanagement.

If any hardships are suffered by the men they are only such as are practically unavoidable under the circumstances. The men in charge of our military and naval movements are all intelligent, patriotic, and high-minded men and faithful public servants, and it is cruel and unjust to charge them, as has been done by some superficial and ill-natured persons, with incompetence and neglect of duty. We are happy to be able to deny such charges on the authority of so competent an observer as General Howard.

POSTMASTERS will find it to their advantage to receive subscriptions for *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*, with its pictorial history of the war, at the rate of \$1 till November 1st, 1898. For details and special commissions, address *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

The Plain Truth.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY has done and is doing conspicuously good service in the war-picture line.—*Troy (New York) Times*.

Lieutenant Richmond Pearson Hobson, whose heroic exploit with the *Merrimac* at Santiago has made the world ring with his praises, is an Alabama boy. The South is having its share of the heroes in the present war. And there are others.

The striking feature of *LESLIE'S WEEKLY* for the issue of June 9th is a four-page supplement of photographic views at Camp Black, presenting life there in almost every form. It is one of the best collections of pictures of soldier life on the Hempstead Plains that has been published.—*Brooklyn (New York) Eagle*.

If it be true that the Spanish admiral, Cervera, at Santiago, after the capture of Lieutenant Hobson and the other brave heroes of the sunken *Merrimac*, confined them in Morro Castle and notified Admiral Sampson of that fact, we shall have to take back some of our kind words in reference to Cervera. By placing his prisoners in one of the fortifications in Santiago, in the direct line of the fire of the American war-vessels in case of a bombardment, he violated every rule of decent warfare and proved himself to be no better than the Spaniards were in the days of the Inquisition.

The framers of the war-revenue bill at Washington seem to be wasting ammunition on pretty small game. A simple doubling or trebling of the internal-revenue tax on whiskey-dealers would add more than \$50,000,000 per year to the government's revenues, and few would object to the tax. The proposition to levy a stamp-tax of one cent on every ticket for a berth or seat in a palace-car would not yield a revenue of more than \$1,000 or \$2,000 per week, and would be a nuisance to every passenger as well as to the companies. It would seem as if our statesmen at Washington could devise a better, more popular, more convenient, and successful method of securing war revenues than a petty one-cent stamp-tax of this kind. Is it possible that some of the remnant of the anti-monopoly gang of strikers is trying to make its influence felt again at Washington?

The recent conviction of Captain Carter, growing out of the alleged enormous frauds by contractors engaged in government work at Savannah, has been followed by the conviction of Civil Engineer Menocal, charged with inefficiency and negligence in supervising the construction of the great Brooklyn Navy Yard dry dock. It is alleged that the government lost \$3,000,000 through the operations of the contractors at Savannah, and nearly \$200,000 by the inefficient supervision of the work on the Brooklyn dry dock. Now comes the statement that the *Merrimac*, recently sunk in the harbor of Santiago by the heroic Lieutenant Hobson, was bought by the government under political pressure at a figure \$100,000 above the real valuation of the old hulk. This sort of scandals in the public service do not necessarily imply that corrupt influences generally prevail. But the less we have of such scandals the better it will be for the public good.

Just how unprepared we were for war is strikingly disclosed by the latest recommendation of Secretary of War Alger to Congress, in reference to the expenditure of additional funds for purposes of protection and defense. Hundreds of thousands of dollars are asked for with which to buy torpedoes, millions to purchase cavalry and infantry equipments, small-arm cartridges, field and siege artillery, and guns and mortar batteries. Everybody ought to know by this time that, after thirty years of peace, we were totally unprepared for war when the declaration was made. Those who have been shouting "On to Cuba!" and "On to Manila!" have not realized what it meant to equip an army of 200,000 men, to equip a navy, and to provide for harbor defenses on a coast-line extending more than 1,500 miles. The latest call for volunteers brings with it an additional requirement for an expenditure of \$50,000,000, and the General Deficiency bill, now before Congress, carries appropriations aggregating nearly \$208,000,000, making it the largest deficiency bill ever presented to Congress. The latest estimate of the cost of the war is about \$2,000,000 a day, or \$600,000,000 a year. There is a sermon in this paragraph to those who have been criticising the conduct of our energetic Secretary of War. General Alger has done the best that could be done, and deserves praise instead of blame.

We are informed on good authority that the Lee-Metford rifle, which our government is now importing from England, was invented here and patented at home and abroad in 1878, and was officially tested and commended by our board of war equipment in 1879. It was soon after adopted by Germany, Austria, Great Britain, and other governments, but the United States neglected to make provision for its manufacture here until too late for use in the present war. It is now being imported, so that the royalty goes to foreigners. The same is true of the Maxim guns, which we are now importing from England in large numbers. Hiram Maxim, the inventor, patented his gun here and tried to induce our government to introduce it in the army. Failing this, he went to Europe, where he met with such encouragement that he established his factory there, and now supplies his guns to governments all over the world, including our own. It is also declared that we have only sufficient of the new and improved magazine-guns to arm our regulars, while the volunteers will be compelled to use the Springfield single loader, thus placing them at a great disadvantage with the Spanish troops in Cuba, who are armed with the Mauser, a modification of the Lee gun. We have these statements from Mr. W. C. Dodge, the inventor of the cartridge-loading machine and other successful implements of war. If they are correct they show a strange remissness on the part of our government. To send any part of our forces into action with antiquated and unserviceable weapons is simply suicidal. With all our inventive genius and our abundant resources, there is no excuse why we should not have the latest and best weapons in the world.

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

—THE most eminent graphologist in this country to-day is Mrs. Franklin Hall, of New York. Graphology is the art of reading character from handwriting. Mrs. Hall has studied this art until she has become a thorough master of it. Her work is not to be confused with occultism in any form, or any of the charlatanism that is sometimes imposed upon the public. Mrs. Hall is a refined and cultured woman, and the remarkable proficiency she has attained in interpreting character from handwriting is the result of patient and long-continued study and investigation, and is founded upon scientific principles. The keenness of Mrs. Hall's perceptive faculties may be due in part to the fact that she is a direct descendant, on her father's side, of Horace Mann, the great educator, and on her mother's, of Hugh Miller, the famous Scotch geologist. She has held important editorial positions, and has been a frequent contributor to the press of stories, poems, and miscellaneous articles. For some years a popular feature of the *Troy (New York) Press* has been a graphologist department conducted by her. Mrs. Hall has made an international reputation for herself in this line.



MRS. FRANKLIN HALL.

—This is the way in which the new Assistant Secretary of the Navy writes his name:

Chas. H. Allen

Mr. Allen, the successor of Mr. Roosevelt as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, is a personal friend of Secretary Long, and both he and Mr. Allen were among the earliest advocates of the nomination of Mr. McKinley, in New England, for the Presidency. During the exciting campaign that followed, Mr. Allen did yeoman service for his old Congressional friend, William McKinley, among the business men of his locality. In the selection of Mr. Allen, however, there was no payment of political debts. The President, it is understood, left the selection of the nominee entirely in the hands of Mr. Long, who selected



MR. ALLEN.

Mr. Allen not alone for his friendship, but because of his executive ability. Mr. Allen was born in Lowell, Massachusetts, a little more than fifty years ago. He is a large lumber merchant of his native city, was a member of the Forty-ninth and Fiftieth Congresses, where he formed the acquaintance of Mr. McKinley, which ripened into personal admiration and friendship. He has held many important offices in his own city, has been a member of both branches of the Massachusetts Legislature, was a colonel on Governor Robinson's staff, and in 1891 was nominated for the Governorship of the Bay State, but was defeated by his Democratic opponent, Governor William E. Russell. Mr. Allen is a genial, affable, popular man, and will make an efficient right-hand man for Secretary Long in the crises through which the country is now passing.

—At no time in the history of this country have the questions coming before our State Department at Washington for decision and settlement been more delicate, complicated, and difficult than during the past year, and especially during the Cuban-Spanish controversy, and no one has had more to do with the final adjudication of these knotty problems than the Hon. William R. Day, Assistant Secretary of State. Judge Day is an old friend of both President McKinley and Secretary Sherman, and was the unanimous choice of both of these gentlemen for the important post as Assistant Secretary of State, which he held under the present administration until his recent promotion to the secretaryship on Mr. Sherman's retirement. Secretary Day was President McKinley's confidential legal adviser for a number of years, and their



HON. WILLIAM R. DAY.

families have long been on terms of the closest intimacy at Canton. Secretary Day is only forty-eight years of age. He is a native of Ohio and comes of a family eminent in the annals of that State. His father was a judge of the Ohio Supreme Court, and his grandfather, on the maternal side, the Hon. Rufus P. Spaulding, was also a judge of the same court and a member of Congress from Ohio in 1862-66. Another near ancestor of Secretary Day's was Zephaniah Swift, once chief justice of Connecticut and author of "Swift's Digest," a standard work in the legal profession. With such an ancestry it is not surprising that Judge Day should have chosen the law as his profession and developed those qualities of judgment and legal insight which have rendered his services so valuable in these critical days at Washington. Secretary Day has a house in Washington, though the home in Canton is still maintained and occupied by members of the family. He was married in 1875 to Miss Mary Schaefer, whose father was a pioneer in his section, and himself a lawyer of prominence. They have four children, all sons, the oldest of whom is at present completing his education in a university law-school.

—One of the most brilliant exploits thus far in the war was the action of the government tug *Wampatuck*, on May 1st, in cutting the cable running from Santiago de Cuba to Kingston. It took fifty minutes for the *Wampatuck* to do the business, and all this time the plucky little tug was under a hot fire from a Spanish gun-boat, supplemented by an infantry fusillade from a block-house on shore. The credit for this daring performance belongs to Lieutenant Carl W. Jungen, commander of the tug and his brave crew. Lieutenant Jungen's name had been frequently mentioned in war dispatches before this deed at Santiago, and he is known throughout the navy as a man equal to any service requiring nerve and boundless courage. He is one of the few survivors of the *Maine* disaster.



LIEUTENANT CARL W. JUNGEN.

—The United States steamship *New York*, flag-ship of Admiral Sampson's squadron, is richer in officers than her consorts, as she has two captains—the fleet commander, Captain Sampson, whose headquarters are on board, and Captain French E. Chadwick, who succeeded Captain Silas Casey a few months ago. The smell of powder is not new to Captain Chadwick, for he entered the Civil War as a midshipman, November 28th, 1861, and left it an ensign in 1866, having served in the interim as an acting volunteer lieutenant. He was made a commander September 27th, 1884, and later occupied the responsible position of chief of the bureau of equipment, with the relative rank of commodore. He is a West Virginian, and has about fourteen years sea-service to his credit. The authority of the two captains does not conflict in the least, as Captain Sampson directs the movements of the fleet, while Captain Chadwick continues to perform the usual duties which fall to the lot of a commander in the routine of a ship, so all is harmony between them.



CAPTAIN FRENCH E. CHADWICK.

—A clever amateur violinist in New York, who owns a Stradivarius, is Mr. Walter Behrens. He commenced his studies with Siegfried Jacoby, one of the leaders of Sir Charles Hallé's orchestra, in Manchester, England, and continued later with Deecke, leader of the Grossherzoglicher orchestra, in Karlsruhe. After that he had several years' study in Paris under Henri Leonard. His instrument, a superb Stradivarius, "Antonio Stradivarius fecit 1713," is the envy of all who have seen or played on it. Madame Norman-Neruda (Lady Hallé), Madame Camilla Urso, the great Joachim, Henri Marteau, Sarasate, Johannes Wolf, and Kreisler have all been carried away by its tone and brilliancy. Mr. Behrens never plays in public, except for charitable concerts; he delights in drawing-room playing. He has had some rather amusing experiences at various times. Upon one occasion, after he had played a nocturne of Chopin's, a lady came up to



MR. WALTER BEHRENS.

him and said: "Oh, Mr. Behrens, what a beautiful violin you have! Is it domestic or imported? I suppose, of course, imported." He laughs heartily when telling the story about his crossing last summer on the *Majestic* to Europe. He met many congenial persons, and, the weather being delightful, Mr. Behrens used to play every afternoon and evening in the grand salon. One day a gentleman, evidently taking Mr. Behrens for a person expressly engaged to amuse the passengers, came up to him on deck and said: "I am exceedingly satisfied with your playing, Mr. Behrens. Here is my business card, and when you return to New York call at my office, and perhaps some day I will invite you to play at my house." Mr. Behrens has composed some charming solos for the violin, and his "Souvenir d'Italie" is played by many amateurs as well as professionals to whom he has lent the manuscript.

—Miss Alberta Gallatin, who has been playing with Mrs. Fiske in her recent notable production of "Love Finds the Way," at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, is a Virginian. Her father was the celebrated Confederate general, Albert Gallatin Jenkins, whose name is still held in loving reverence among the veterans of the Shenandoah Valley. General Jenkins was a warm personal friend of Fitzhugh Lee. The present war with Spain brings to mind also the fact that Miss Gallatin's grandfather, the Hon. J. B. Bowlin, was the ambassador to Paraguay who effected the famous treaty of peace between this country and Spanish South America in the 'fifties. The complication arose from the murder of an American sailor, and led to very strained relations. Judge Bowlin was sent by President Buchanan with an American fleet to enforce our demand for an indemnity. By his clever diplomacy war was averted. The well-known wit and raconteur, Sam Ward, was Judge Bowlin's private secretary on this mission. Miss Gallatin has had valuable experience in the companies of such well-known stars as Mrs. D. P. Bowers, Booth and Barrett, T. W. Keene, and Richard Mansfield, besides starring two years in a Shakespearean repertoire, and is recognized as one of the best *Rosalinds* on the stage.



MISS ALBERTA GALLATIN.

—Rounseville Wildman, United States consul at Hong-Kong, recently promoted to be consul-general at that port, is accredited with conveying to the State Department the first official dispatch after the destruction of the Spanish fleet at Manila. As a trophy of the battle at Manila Admiral Dewey sent Consul Wildman the *Reina Cristina's* flag. Consul Wildman was born in Batavia, New York, where his father, a distinguished educator and clergyman, was president of a theological college. Educated at Lima and Syracuse University, he located in Boise City, Idaho, and became editor of the *Statesman*, the leading Republican paper of Idaho.



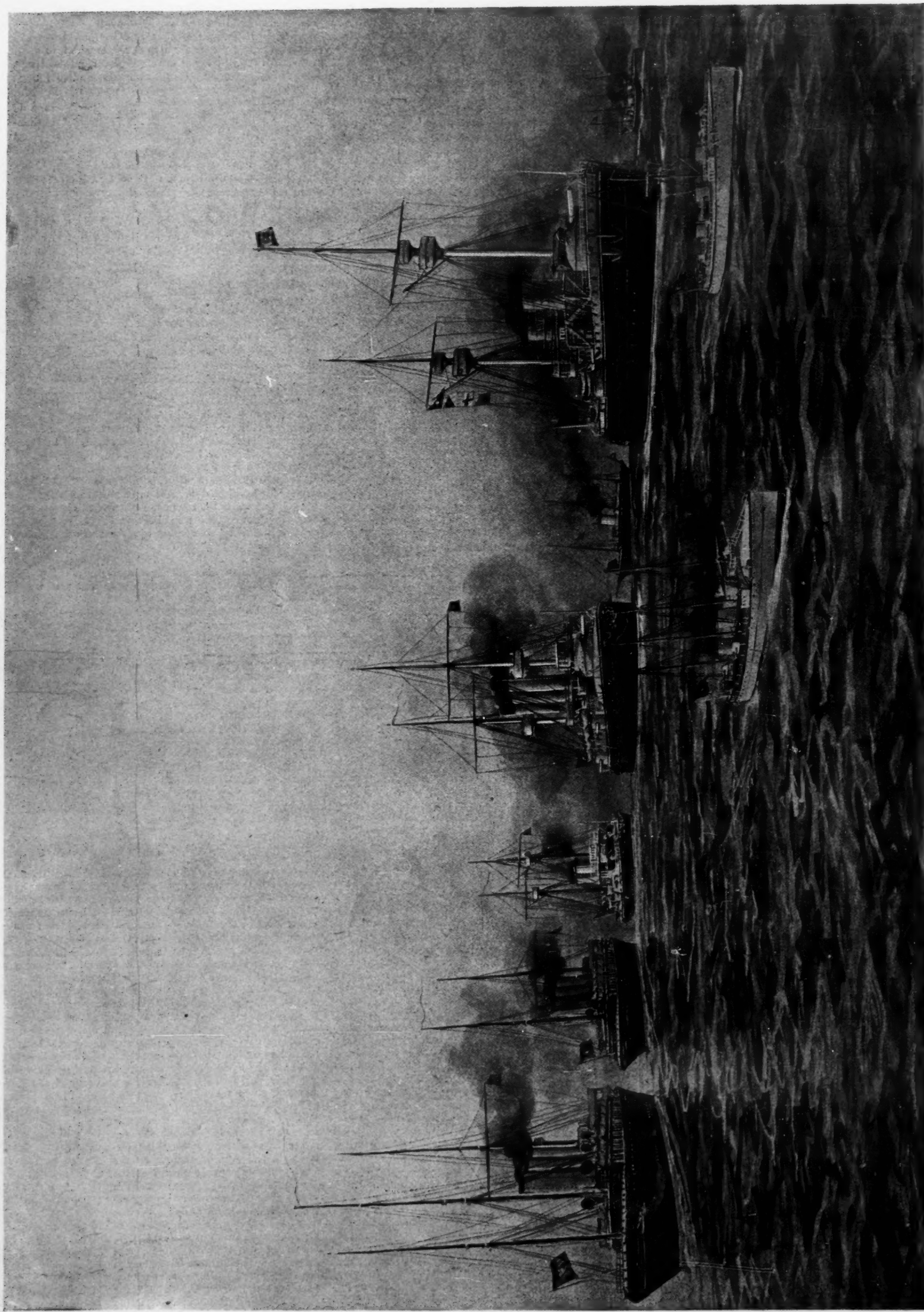
ROUNSEVILLE WILDMAN.

Subsequently he was sent to Washington to urge the admission of that Territory as a State. When Idaho was taken into the statehood Mr. Wildman was appointed to the consulate of Singapore, afterwards going to Barmen, Germany. When Mr. Cleveland became President Mr. Wildman was recalled, but was given a world's fair commission, representing the Straits Settlements and Borneo, from which countries he had arranged elaborate exhibitions. At the close of the exposition Mr. Wildman became the editor of the *Overland Monthly*, of San Francisco, where he remained until appointed by President McKinley to Hong-Kong. During his temporary residence in Washington he met and married Miss Letitia Aldridge, daughter of the late Judge Aldridge, of San Francisco, and granddaughter of the celebrated Henry S. Foote, the dueling Mississippi Senator and Governor. Mr. Wildman's brother is Edwin Wildman, a well-known magazine and newspaper writer.

—Monsieur M. Gallia, who came to this country about five months ago, was the factotum of the late United States special commissioner to the Paris exhibition of 1900, Mr. Moses P. Handy. Mr. Gallia represents the most important French newspapers, and has succeeded in interesting in the Paris exposition all the leading manufacturing centres of the United States. He is now on the eve of returning to Paris, after very successfully accomplishing his mission, for not only has he obtained the support of the manufacturers for the exposition of 1900, but he has also secured their patronage for permanent American exhibitions to open in Paris and London, January 1st, 1899, with a view of popularizing the products of the United States. Mr. Gallia was particularly delighted with the kind reception given him by President McKinley when the former came to this country, and no less by the manner in which the President at a later date complimented him on the good results of Mr. Gallia's visit.



MONSIEUR M. GALLIA.



Patría.

Rápido.

Alfonso XIII.

Emperador Carlos V.

Giralda.

Pelayo.

Prosperina.

Osado.

ADMIRAL CAMARA'S SHIPS.

THE ONLY FLEET SPAIN HAS LEFT TO OPERATE AGAINST US—NOW ACTING UNDER SEALED ORDERS.—[SEE PAGE 411.]



"INTO THE JAWS OF DEATH."

WHEN THE NARROWEST PART OF THE SANTIAGO CHANNEL WAS REACHED, LIEUTENANT HOBSON PUT HER HELM HARD A-PORT, STOPPED THE ENGINES, DROPPED ANCHOR, OPENED THE SEA-CONNECTIONS, AND TOUCHED OFF THE TORPEDOES THAT WRECKED THE "MERRIMAC" ATHWART THE HARBOR ENTRANCE.—[SEE PAGE 401.]

We Are Coming.

Oh, Uncle Sam, we've heard your call,
And we are promptly coming;
And when we reach the front we'll set
The martial ball a-humming.
Uncle Sammie, here we are,
Right side up for fight, sir,
And we will show the Spanish done
A thing in Yankee might, sir.

We seek not glory, rank, or fame,
We are not bold aggressors;
But we, as soldiers, pledge to free
The spoiled from the oppressors.
(Refrain.)

To stand beside our brave young land
In this her highest mission,
And fight her battles, heaven-armed,
This is our proud ambition.
(Refrain.)

The kingdoms of the world shall know
We are defenders fearless,
And when we plan "to lend a hand"
Our fighting ways are peerless.
(Refrain.)

We're coming, coming, Uncle Sam,
Our lives, when you shall need them.
We'll swing to reach old ruddy Mars
Our noble flag of freedom.
(Refrain.)

M. PHELPS DAWSON.

Major-General O. O. Howard Speaks.

AFTER VISITS TO THE CAMPS AT CHICKAMAUGA, MOBILE, ATLANTA, AND TAMPA, THE VETERAN SOLDIER DENIES THE CHARGES OF MISMANAGEMENT—AN ARMY CANNOT BE ORGANIZED AND EQUIPPED IN A DAY—OFFICERS AND MEN COMPLIMENTED.

DURING the past few weeks I have visited the camps at Chickamauga, Mobile, Atlanta, and in and around Tampa. I have talked with many of the officers and have been freely in and out among the men. In my opinion the administration of affairs at these camps is in excellent hands. The commanders of the corps are admirable selections. The division and brigade commanders could hardly have been better. The soldiers have been well cared for as a general rule. There is, in my judgment, no just ground for indiscriminate criticism, such as that indulged in in some quarters, as to the food and the equipment of the men. Considering all the difficulties that had to be met in the mobilization of our regular and volunteer forces, after so many years of peace and with such a limited supply as we had on hand of army equipments and munitions of war, our army officers have done exceedingly well in the few weeks of preparation they have had.

It should be remembered that the acts of Congress enlarging the army are very recent. Such hardships as the men in the camps have had to bear are only those incidental to army life everywhere, and must be regarded as more or less necessary and inevitable under the conditions imposed in time of war. The Florida climate is too warm at this season of the year to make drilling in the open sun a comfortable pastime at any time of day, but the officers in charge have been uniformly considerate of the health and general welfare of the men. The officers commanding the volunteers are for the most part experienced in their work and can be trusted to do what is proper, safe, and right.

The regular officers are accustomed to the preparation and handling of troops. They know their business and are attending to it with due zeal and thoroughness. The men in the ranks, so far as my observation reached, are satisfied with the way things are going and are making few complaints about their food or anything else. Of course there always will be some grumbling among so many. The government officials are making all possible haste to procure uniforms for those who are yet without them and other essential supplies. Occasionally the newness of a quartermaster, a commissary or other staff officer, is apparent, and sometimes such an officer was not sent ahead to make previous arrangement for an incoming regiment, and some natural embarrassment ensues. The same thing occurred occasionally at the outset of the Civil War and will occur in every war and in every country where there is no standing army.

Such a war as that upon which we have entered cannot be prepared for and fought out in a week and a day. Discipline, drill and completeness of organization take time. It is reasonable to believe that the administration at Washington is doing its full duty. And it will continue to discharge all its responsibilities promptly and satisfactorily unless the officials of the War Department should be overburdened with political interference or be too much thronged with those who are seeking appointments. The officials of the army and navy will soon give abundant satisfaction to the army and to the country, both in the amount and in the character of the supplies furnished. There can be no doubt of this.

The rush of business at Washington for the past few weeks has reminded me of a similar torrent that occurred when the troops first came together at the national capital in 1861. After Bull Run, McClellan brought order out of the apparent confusion by taking ample time to organize and rearrange the troops. There was another great inflow of civilians from every quarter thronging the War Department just previous to the time when Edwin M. Stanton, the great war secretary, came to the helm. His great executive ability and assiduous labor corrected the evident evils and put things to rights, but it required time as well as labor to do it.

I thought the camp at Mobile, under General Coppinger, was in particularly fine condition. He has just such an army as I would like to command. The regulars appeared to be perfectly contented with their situation, and the volunteers were enthusiastically imitating them in drill. At Chickamauga I saw such fine regiments as those from Ohio, Pennsylvania, Minnesota, Vermont, and New Hampshire, and their evening parades would do honor to old troops. I did not happen to see the New York

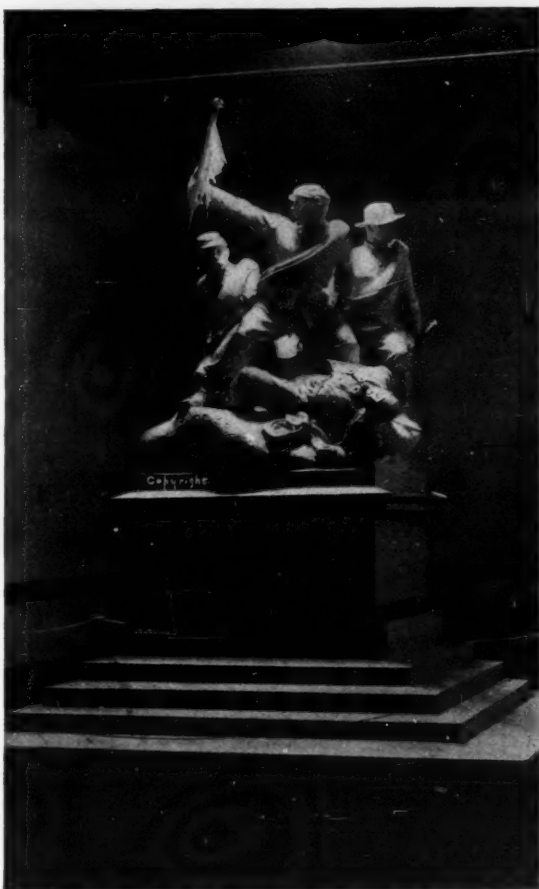
troops, but in Florida I met Colonel Greene and other officers of the Seventy-first and had good accounts of the Sixty-ninth. From what I learned of their condition these regiments will certainly rival any in the field.

O. O. Howard
Maj-Genl U.S.A.
(Retired)

Wisconsin's Semi-Centennial.

MILWAUKEE'S MAGNIFICENT MONUMENT TO ITS PATRIOTIC SOLDIERS OF THE CIVIL WAR.

IN June the State of Wisconsin, one of the most prosperous States of the Northwest, will celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of its admission to the Union. In every section of the State this event will be appropriately commemorated. The citizens of Milwaukee, the metropolis of Wisconsin, have been hard at work for over a year in their preparations for a series of festivities, which will begin on June 27th and continue until July 2d. June 28th will be made memorable by the dedication of a sol-



MILWAUKEE'S MONUMENT TO SOLDIERS OF THE CIVIL WAR.

diers' monument, the work of John S. Conway, an American artist who resides in Italy.

The statue represents an episode in the Civil War. On a granite pedestal are to be seen the figures of four soldiers in bronze. The central figure is that of a brave young soldier who, unmindful of death and havoc around him, has caught up the regimental flag, the staff having been shattered by a cannon-ball. He is only a private, but the brave boy in blue, bearing aloft the sacred banner, seems to typify the thousands of young men who in the present contest have come gallantly forward in defense of their country. To his left and right, pressing forward, are two other soldiers, the one appearing to be a private, the other a commissioned officer. Before him, on the ground, in the throes of death, lies the figure of the gallant color-bearer, who clutches the shattered staff.

The erection of this monument was made possible through the efforts of a noble woman, Mrs. Lydia Ely, who for a number of years has worked to raise the funds. Over thirty years ago, when the United States government looked about for sites for homes for veterans, she was successful in raising the money to establish such an institution in Milwaukee.

The first county soldiers' monument built in the United States is at Lancaster, Wisconsin. It is one of many in the State. Wisconsin has simply fulfilled a sacred obligation, for no State suffered greater losses. Out of a total enlistment of 91,327, Wisconsin's death-roll was 12,301 men, an average of 16.6 per cent.

E. T. HEYN.

War Excitement in San Francisco.

TROOPS FOR THE PHILIPPINES POURING IN FROM ALL SIDES—THE FAMOUS "FIGHTING TENTH" FROM PENNSYLVANIA DECORATED WITH FLOWERS.

INTEREST in San Francisco, which has become the great centre of military mobilization in the West, is centred in the arrival of troops from Oregon, Washington, Nebraska, Kansas, and even from Pennsylvania, as well as from different points in California. All of the naval yards are full of ships, and the Union Iron Works are working night and day shifts to prepare

a number of recently-acquired tugs for the nation's service. The *Charleston* is well on the way to Manila, carrying ammunition and supplies for Admiral Dewey. She will be followed by the transport fleet with the thousands of regulars and enlisted men as soon as the transports are made ready. It takes time to prepare 25,000 unequipped men. A large commissary department is working day and night and turning out thousands of uniforms a day, among them linen suits for the tropics.

The *Charleston* has on board the first splinter-net ever seen on the Pacific. The splinter-net is a network of huge ropes bound together with leather, designed to protect the heads of the men on deck from flying splinters and falling masts, which are said to kill more men in an engagement than bursting shells. The *Charleston's* most important supply is ammunition for Dewey's big guns. The *Charleston* carries two eight-inch guns and many smaller ones. In the dry-dock at Mare Island is the *Philadelphia*, formerly Admiral Beardsley's flag-ship in the Pacific squadron. She has been thoroughly overhauled, and will make an important addition to the Pacific coast squadron.

The famous Tenth Regiment of Pennsylvania volunteers, known as the "fighting Tenth," arrived in San Francisco on May 25th, 640 strong. The officers have good horses, and almost all the men are uniformed. The regiment has seen plenty of service, having served at Homestead and at Johnstown. Their Colonel, A. L. Hawkins, is quite famous, and the men make almost as fine an appearance as those from Minnesota, and, like the Minnesotans, were specially called for by General Merritt. The regiments from Pennsylvania and Minnesota are booked to sail together on the next transport fleet. The Pennsylvanians have the usual number of mascots. Their principal hare's foot, which they say they will take to Manila, willy-nilly, is a colored bootblack named "Boots," who was smuggled across the continent. The men taxed themselves twenty-five cents apiece to purchase Boots's outfit, and he was only discovered by two conductors while crossing the continent. Each time, the men raised money enough to take him to the end of the division. Coming through the snow-sheds, Boots rode on the top of the car, and the Pennsylvanians came near losing their mascot. Dogs they have in number, and they hope to take these to Manila too. As the Oregon volunteers smuggled their dog "Bummer" aboard of their transport against orders, the Pennsylvanians hope to be equally successful.

The Pennsylvanians arrived early in the morning, and were given a hot breakfast by the ladies of the Red Cross at the ferry. After breakfast they were decorated with flowers. They were delighted with the hospitality of their greeting. All of the incoming troops have been fed and all the outgoing ones have been supplied with all manner of comforts by the Red Cross ladies.

MABEL CLARE CRAFT.

Famous Negro Fighters.

THE CELEBRATED COMPANY L, OF THE SIXTH MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEERS.

WHEN Company L, Sixth Massachusetts United States Volunteers, the only colored military company in Massachusetts, left Camp Dewey, South Framingham, Massachusetts, on the evening of May 20th, to join General Graham's second army corps, it seemed as if the whole colored population of Boston, where the company belongs, had taken a holiday to see their brethren off. Certainly, a fifth of the 25,000 people who went to Framingham to bid the regiment adieu were colored people. Captain William J. Williams, who commands Company L, is the first colored man in the country to enter the United States volunteer army with a captain's commission, though the same claim is made for First Lieutenant William H. Jackson. Another claim to distinction is that it is the only colored company mustered into the United States volunteer army from the States's militia and the only colored company in the United States attached to a white regiment. No better-behaved or better equipped company has been sent from Massachusetts. Captain Williams is over six feet tall. As his company was passing in review the day they left for Falls Church, Virginia, Governor Wolcott, turning to his staff, remarked: "I tell you, there isn't a better-looking officer in the regiment than Captain Williams." Captain Williams is a lawyer. He is a product of the public schools of Boston, where he received his first lessons in military art, as a member of the school regiment. He has been a member of the Massachusetts militia since 1891. First Lieutenant William H. Jackson is a Virginian, but has lived in Massachusetts since he was a child. Here he received his schooling, and was graduated with honors from the Boston University a few years ago. He, like Captain Williams, received his first military instruction in the public schools, and was adjutant of the school battalion of Worcester, where he received his early education. Second Lieutenant George W. Braxton was also born in Virginia, but came North with his parents in 1863, settling in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. He was the first colored boy to be graduated from the Portsmouth High School. Every one of these colored troops is a marksman.



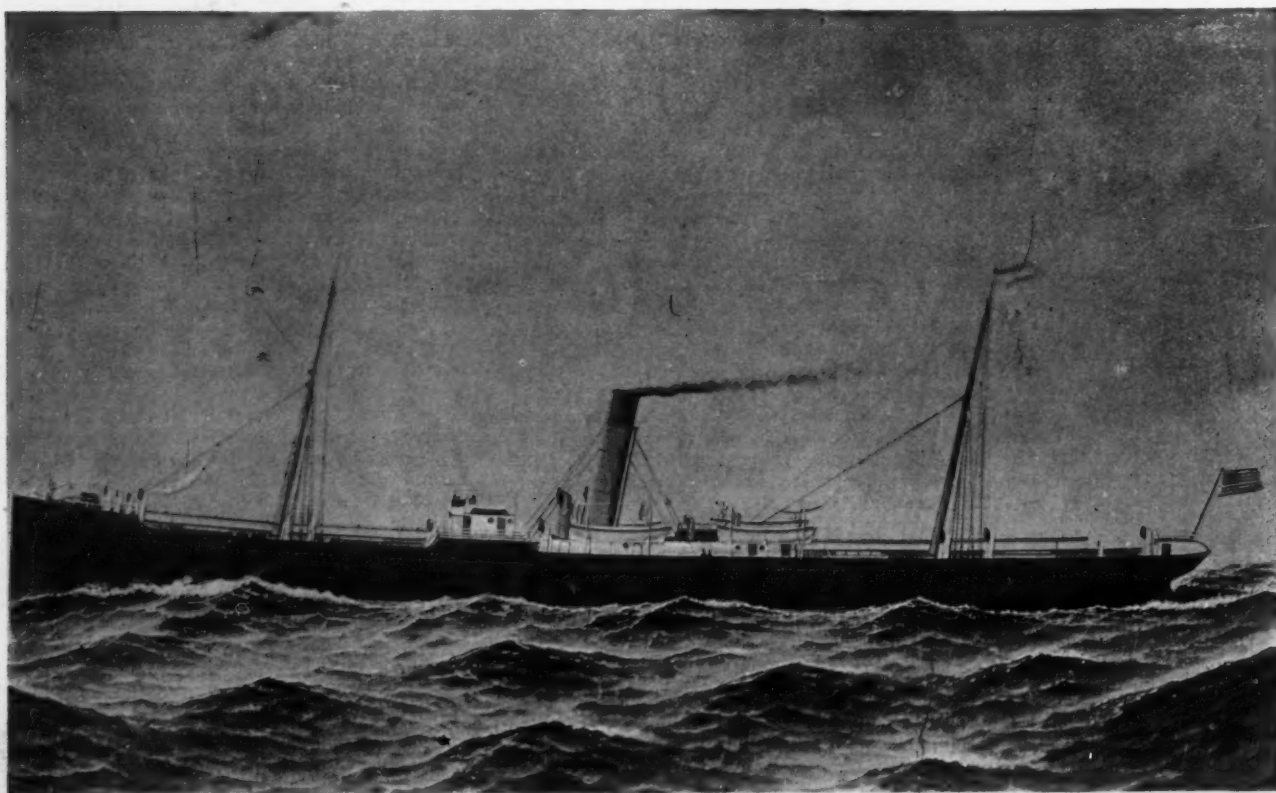
CAPTAIN WILLIAM J. WILLIAMS.

Prizes for War Pictures by Amateurs.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY offers prizes aggregating \$100—\$50 to the first; \$25 to the second; \$10 each to the third and fourth; and \$5 to the fifth, for the best pictures taken by amateurs, of scenes, on land or sea, connected with the present war excitement. All are eligible. Send in your pictures. Prizes will be awarded on pictures received before August 1st, or as soon as the war closes, if it closes before that date. Address LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.



"HOBSON IS SAFE!"—ADMIRAL CERVERA'S CHIVALROUS ACT IN SENDING WORD, THROUGH CAPTAIN OVIEDO, HIS CHIEF-OF-STAFF, TO REAR-ADMIRAL SAMPSON, THAT LIEUTENANT HOBSON AND HIS COMRADES ARE ALIVE.



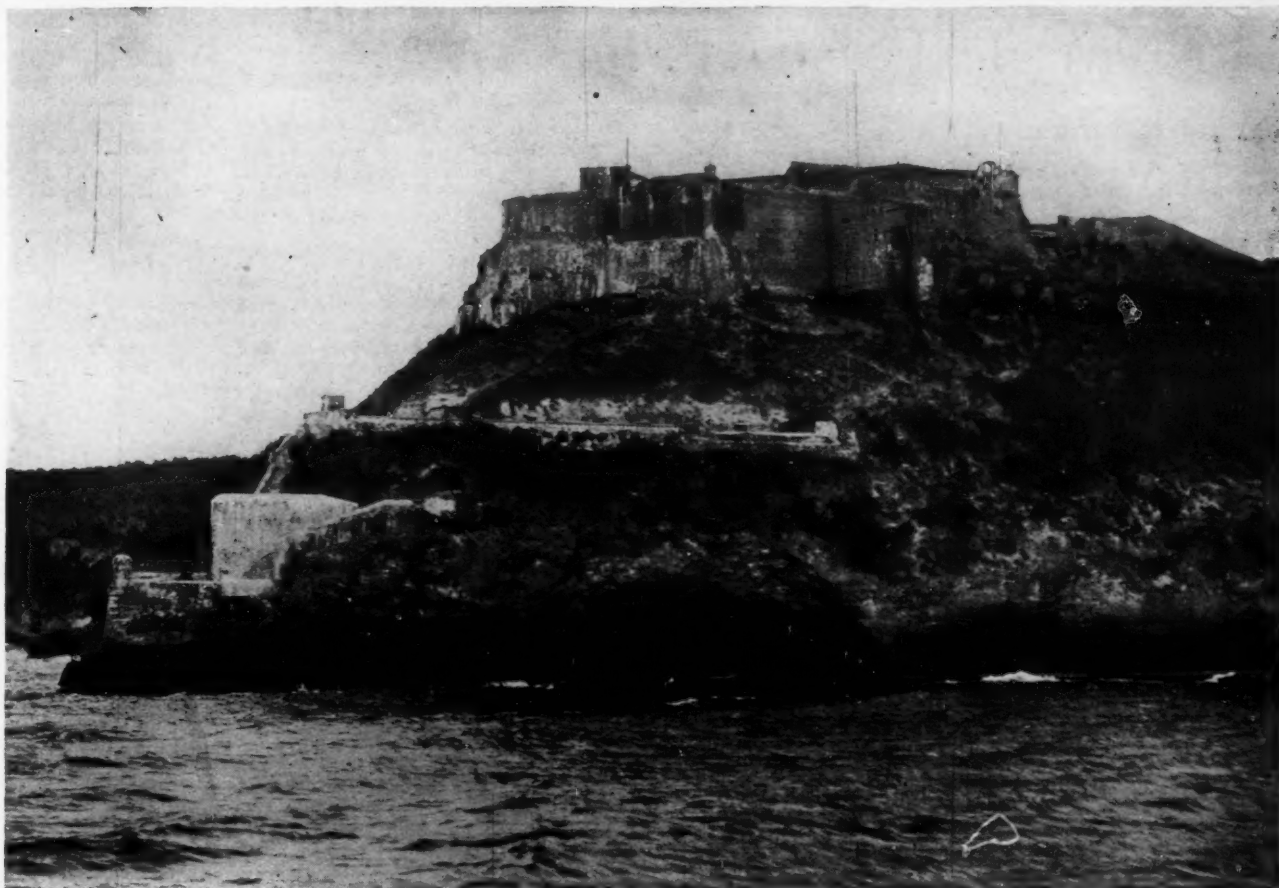
THE "MERRIMAC."



LIEUTENANT HOBSON AS A NAVAL CADET.
Photograph by Rockwood.

LIEUTENANT HOBSON'S

THE SINKING OF THE "MERRIMAC" IN SANTIAGO HARBOR BY LIEUTENANT HOBSON AND HIS SEVEN COMRADES, HEROES ONE AND ALL—OSBORN DEAN, A COXSWAIN OF THE "MERRIMAC"; GEORGE CHARETTE, A GUNNER'S MATE OF THE FLAG-SHIP "NEW YORK"; DANIEL MONTAGUE, A SEAMAN OF THE CRUISER "BROOKLYN"; J.



MORRO CASTLE, AT THE ENTRANCE TO SANTIAGO HARBOR.



THE BLOWING UP OF THE "MERRIMAC."

OBSON'S HEROIC DEED.

DEMAN, A COXSWAIN OF THE "MERRIMAC"; GEORGE F. PHILLIPS, A MACHINIST OF THE "MERRIMAC"; JOHN KELLY, A WATER-TENDER OF THE "MERRIMAC";
R "BROOKLYN"; J. C. MURPHY, A COXSWAIN OF THE "IOWA"; RANDOLPH CLAUSEN, A COXSWAIN OF THE "NEW YORK."—[SEE PAGE 401.]

FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

Behind the Enemy's Lines.

A LONG-DETAINED LETTER SENT JUST BEFORE THE WRITER'S THRILLING CAPTURE BY SPANIARDS.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO, May 24th, 1898.—The destination of this letter is clear enough, but not so its destiny. Writing at this date and in this closely-guarded place, it would appear more than doubtful, indeed, whether these dispatches will ever reach New York. Yet all plans were laid with such care and secrecy as the circumstances allowed.

After leaving my present quarters at the Hotel di Inghilterra, on the Calle Tetuan of the port of San Juan, this letter was to be smuggled aboard the Danish sloop *Anska* by one of her trusty crew, to be carried from Puerto Rico, past the American cruisers investing these waters, to the neutral port of St. Thomas in the Danish West Indies. Thence the dispatch was to be conveyed to the neighboring island of Santa Cruz by way of the regular mail schooner *Vigilant*, to be taken across the island by mule post-dispatch, along the famous avenue of palms of Santa Cruz, to the Quebec mail steamer *Caribee*, which was to clear from Port Fredericksted to New York.

So much for the fate of this letter.

To bring about my own presence here, behind the enemy's lines, was a far more doubtful undertaking. Briefly stated, I came here not only in the performance of my duty as war correspondent for *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*, but also in the service of our government, having been commissioned as aid to Lieutenant Whitney, a military envoy of our War Department, who was detached to Puerto Rico to procure the necessary information concerning the present status of the Spanish defenses—in particular, the most suitable landing-places for troops, the condition of the roads, and the strength of the various insurgent forces scattered through the island. Concerning the part of that officer in this undertaking, I must perforce be silent, since any untoward information would imperil not only the chances of his secret service, but his life.

As regards myself, happily, there need be no conflict between my paramount duty to my country and the feeling of steadfast loyalty by which war correspondents are spurred on to do their utmost while representing the staff of their own chosen publication, for in my case all plans were matured to enable me to escape from the hostile shores of Puerto Rico as soon as I had traversed the island from one of its ends to the other.

Armed with a German passport, as I was, a document made out for Herr Emil Eumersohn, *soi-disant* correspondent for *Die Illustrirte Zeitung* of Leipzig, and duly countersigned by Señor Vasques, the Spanish consul at St. Thomas, and by Generales Macías and Ortajes, the civil and military Governors of San Juan, it has been a comparatively easy matter, so far, to carry out my instructions and to obtain much-needed information, unmolested by the authorities.

After Lieutenant Whitney disappeared from St. Thomas, to turn up as a stowaway on board a neutral tramp steamer bound for the port of Ponce de Leon at the south end of Puerto Rico, I lost no time in boarding a certain fishing-smack waiting for me in one of the little bays at the other end of St. Thomas, to sail forthwith for Santa Cruz and thence to this port, in accordance with my verbal instructions. These instructions, in short, were to gather what information I might while staying in this city, and then to cross the island on horseback or otherwise, to make connections with Lieutenant Whitney in the harbor of Ponce, whence we hoped to return instant to St. Thomas.

The condition of San Juan, ever since its memorable bombardment by our fleet in mid-May, has been indescribable. All the well-to-do people and most of the women have fled to the country, and the larger stores and shops stand empty and open, with none to buy and none to do the selling. The price of bread has risen to forty-eight cents a pound, and in the country the people are starving.

All available carriages, carts, and wagons, as well as all horses, donkeys, and even bicycles, have been snapped up to carry the fleeing citizens into the hills, and the little railroad running from here to Rio Pedres and Congreho is taxed to its utmost to carry turbulent crowds of clamorous passengers fighting for admittance to the railroad-station each day. Thousands upon thousands have thus been carried away in passenger-coaches, freight-cars, and open coal-tenders, and the nearest places as well as the more distant towns of Machuchal, Caguas, and Carolina, have become so overcrowded with refugees that there are not enough roofs to cover their heads, though the authorities have thrown open the government buildings in those places, while other accommodations have been provided by the churches, monasteries, schools, and local play-houses. As was to be expected, these hordes of humanity exhausted the food supply within two or three days after the bombardment, and now famine and disease have begun their ravages.

The Puerto Ricans as a mass, therefore, desire nothing more ardently than a speedy deliverance by the American fleet, and this feeling is fomented by the *insurrectos* of the interior and their untold sympathizers in the seaport towns.

Here in San Juan the military authorities, with their badly-organized bands of armed *voluntarios*, are clearly panic-stricken. Every time a large vessel is sighted from the tottering top of the Morro the cry resounds, "The Americans are coming," and then follows another wild rush for the railroad-station, and fugitives from all directions are seen scampering down the steep streets and alleys of the city. At night the uneasy rest of the San Juanese is broken by the cry of "El Junby," the Spanish word for ghost, which has come to be applied to the swift American cruisers, flashing their signals through the darkness like phantom ships driven by a god of wrath.

It did not take me long to discover that the effects of the American bombardment on the fortifications, as well as in the city, were far more disastrous than what the Spaniards were fain to have the world believe. In the outer breastworks, facing the sea, all the older forts and towers had suffered severely, their masonry having been rent and perforated in innumerable

places, while the batteries lying under their shadow were all but dismantled and inoperative. Much of this was visible at a distance, and was a subject of open discussion in the city, but, for obvious reasons, it did not lie within my power to make close observations of the exact state of affairs within the fortifications.

The havoc wrought in the city itself was plain to all. Nearly forty houses bore witness to the great power of the American projectiles by the gaping holes and clefts in their walls. One explosive shell alone, aimed at the Spanish standard floating above the roof of the Intendencia, after snapping the flag-staff in twain, shattered the roof of the building, destroyed the so-called throne-room, killed two officers and four soldiers who were chatting on its marble steps, and finally destroyed the front and rear walls of three adjoining buildings, injuring and wounding two other persons and a child.

Within the harbor, where the visiting foreign men-of-war rode at anchor, believing themselves to be beyond the range of our guns, much destruction likewise was done. Had the Spanish fleet been hiding at the inner anchorage there, as it did later at Santiago de Cuba, its destruction would have been inevitable. Even the neutral ships were in imminent peril. One stray shot went clean through the forward smokestack of the French corvette *L'Amiral Rigault de Genouilly*, an incident scarcely to be deplored, in view of the French crew's insolent demonstrations against the American fleet. Another shot tore into the rigging of the British merchant vessel *Ardborough*, splintering one of her topmasts, while several shells exploded on the *Marina*, in the immediate vicinity of the powder magazine of the Spanish Navy Yard, causing the stevedores and wharfmens in the yard to scatter in all directions, but not in time to save one of their number from being torn into a shapeless mass by a flying piece of an American projectile.

To make matters worse the Spanish military Governor openly betrayed his weakness by shoring up the crumbling walls of the well-nigh shattered fortresses, all approach to which was forbidden by reason of the manifest danger to those below, and he also suffered the worst criminals of the prisons to be released and armed, while harmless men and boys were arrested from day to day, to be cast into the empty prisons as political suspects.

On the day I landed here I witnessed the arrest of a poor Danish dandy, John Farrill by name, whose sole crime was that he was seen gazing up at the ruins of a large three-story house on Tortaleza Street, that had been struck by two American shells during the bombardment.

Suddenly there was a cry of "Un Espion," and a disorderly mob of colored wharfmens laid violent hands upon the unfortunate fellow and his wife, who stood by him chatting with a Santa Cruz negress called Letitia. A few *voluntarios* ran up with bare machetes and dragged the scared couple off to the nearest guard-house, where they were placed under a military escort and marched to prison, to be interrogated by the military prosecutor. The woman's friend Letitia and another St. Thomas negress called Madeleine ran tearfully to the Governor-General's palace and actually succeeded in having the woman released. Farrill, however, is still in prison, together with Halstead, a British-born correspondent for the New York *Herald*, and it is reported that both are to be shot, unless their friends can produce certificates of foreign birth or baptism in their behalf.

Luckily for myself, I happen to have been born in Dresden, Saxony, though of American parentage, and was thus provided with an official German birth-certificate duly viséd by the German consul.

I discussed the matter with the military Governor, General Ortajes, and found him inclined to be courteous enough, though evidently nervous and over-wrought. He told me that foreign residents, whose identity was well established, need not fear for their safety, and that even Halstead's life was safe, since he had been duly sentenced to imprisonment for nine years, in the course of a formal trial on the charge of taking measurements of fortifications, after having been warned off the place by a sentinel.

My request to visit Halstead was denied, albeit he is not held absolutely *incommunicado*. So I had to content myself with transmitting this rather cold comfort to Mr. Gottschalk, the *Herald's* correspondent at St. Thomas, who ere this doubtless has found other means of reaching his unfortunate comrade.

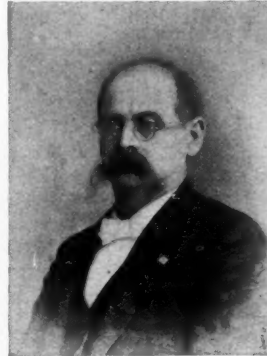
To-night I start on my cross-country ride, armed only with certain passwords and hand-grippings which are warranted to see me safely through the insurgent lines.

EDWIN EMERSON, JR.

How I Found Cervera's Fleet.

CAPTAIN B. S. OSBON, THE NAVAL SCOUT, TELLS HIS INTERESTING EXPERIENCE IN LOCATING THE SPANISH WAR-VESSELS—THEIR FOUL CONDITION DESCRIBED—SOME PREDICTIONS.

NEW YORK, June 7th, 1898.—I had been in Caracas, Venezuela, for several months when appearances, to my mind, indicated war, and on the 17th of April I tendered my services to the Navy Department to act as a naval scout, or for any other service. It was my intention to have gone through the West India Islands, as from what I knew of naval matters in general, and of the feeling of the people in these islands, it would be more than likely that the Spanish fleet leaving the Cape de Verdes would make for Martinique rather than for any other of the islands. Not hearing from the department as promptly as I had hoped, I resolved on the 12th of May to leave for the United States, believing that on the way across the Caribbean Sea I should fall in with Cervera's fleet.



B. S. OSBON.

I based this opinion upon facts I had heard from a gentleman who had been obliged to flee from Porto Rico to save his life, and had reached Caracas by the way of St. Thomas. His information strengthened my opinion, and on the 13th day of May I sailed from La Guayra at six o'clock P. M., on the Royal Dutch mail steamer *Prins Fredrick Hendrik*, bound to the United States by the way of Curaçoa, Jacmel, Aux Cayes, and Port au Prince. How well I had planned my movements can be understood when I say that at a little after five o'clock on the next morning we saw black smoke to the eastward, and, as daylight broke at 5.45 A. M., there lay on the horizon four large vessels of war and two smaller ones. It was not long before they came into view sufficient for me to recognize that I was looking upon the *Infanta Maria Teresa*, *Vizcaya*, *Oquendo*, and *Cristobal Colon*, accompanied by two torpedo-destroyers which I supposed were the *Pluton* and *Furor*. I was led to believe there should be another torpedo-destroyer, but subsequent information proved that the *Terror* had been left at Martinique. Thus far my theorizing had proved true, and in less than twelve hours after leaving La Guayra my inferences had proved to be correct, and before me I saw the Spanish fleet, which had been sought for so long and up to this time had not been found, although scout ships, scouts, special agents, and all the machinery of the government had been put into service to discover them. I will confess that I felt very much elated that it should have fallen to the lot of a naval veteran to have been the first to make the discovery.

In the sketch I send you, you will see the position of the vessels as first discovered by me. In the second sketch will be seen the torpedo-destroyers after they had received their orders and were proceeding to get into communication with the government of the Dutch island of Curaçoa. The third sketch shows the position of the fleet as it lay off the harbor of Curaçoa. We steamed at a speed of ten knots toward the harbor, being some fifteen miles distant when we first saw the fleet, and arrived off the mouth at about seven o'clock, and were delayed there until nine o'clock before we got inside. In the meantime the Spaniards had been in communication with the Dutch colonial government and had obtained permission to bring in two of their vessels, which were to remain twenty-four hours. The admiral wanted permission for all to enter, but was refused. At nine o'clock we were permitted to enter, and in ten minutes after the steamer was made fast alongside of the wharf I was in the office of the United States consul with the information that I had, with the request that it be quickly forwarded to the Navy Department. Of course I had no authority to insist, but the object was accomplished before the day was out.

About noon the *Infanta Maria Teresa*, bearing the flag of Admiral Cervera, and the *Vizcaya* entered the port. It was at the time that they had just passed the floating bridge of the port that the photographs herewith inclosed were taken, and it is fair to say that they were the last ones that will ever be taken of these two ships, which will play so important a part in the future history of our naval operations in this war. As soon as the ships were in the harbor I organized a special

Saturday May 14th 1898

Island of Curacao

"In line abreast"

Position of the Spanish Fleet, 5.45. AM.

when first seen from the Str. Prins Frederik Hendrik.

Speed 12 Knots.

Island of Curacao 2 1/2 miles distant

PLUTON

FUROR

Torpedo Destroyers speeding for Curacao harbor. 6.20. AM.

Speed 15 Knots

B. S. Osbon.

Flagship 3 miles off shore 7.30. AM.
INFANTA MARIA TERESA VISCAYA C. COLON OQUENDO

scout service and distributed my men so that the Spaniards could not make a movement of any kind without it coming to my knowledge. I also had three able assistants in Messrs. William H., Clive and Clare Davis, three brothers and young Americans, residents of Washington, who were fellow-passengers with me.

Of the seven men I employed for shore service, two were constant visitors to the Spanish vessels. The others were stationed so that they might perceive everything that was put on board the vessels, and some of them entered into conversation with the officers and crews. This espionage was carried on from the moment the vessels entered the harbor until they left at six o'clock on Sunday night, and all the news was cabled either to the department or to Admiral Sampson, with whom we were in communication at Port au Playa. After the Spanish fleet sailed on Sunday evening they no doubt went to the island of Oruba, some sixty miles to the westward of Curaçoa, where, under the lee of the island, the *Maria Teresa* and *Vizcaya* distributed the provisions purchased at Curaçoa to the other vessels, and probably coaled up the *Furor* and *Pluton*, which were very short.

In my opinion the fleet awaited the arrival of the English collier *Ristormel*, which had been instructed to meet the fleet either at Curaçoa or at Oruba. Subsequent facts show that she was behind time, and the fleet, not daring to wait longer, sailed for Santiago, where they arrived on the 19th or 20th of May. I had been very anxious that the consul at Curaçoa should charter a little steamer that was in port under the Dominican flag and allow me to follow the Spaniards as a scout, and as they could not have seized her under a neutral flag, I could have watched them at my leisure and returned to Curaçoa and cabled the department or Admiral Sampson, or gone with them and furnished the information which would have enabled Schley or Sampson to intercept Cervera before he reached Santiago, which evidently was a rendezvous for his collier, the *Ristormel*.

It is my opinion if the Cadiz fleet has sailed it will take nearly the same course as the Cape Verde fleet, to pick up its coal supply, or it will go north where it can obtain coal from colliers in secluded places on the Nova Scotian coast, and then strike some of our Eastern seaports. If the vessels go to Martinique they will use the St. Lucia Channel, and probably meet their colliers between Diamond Rock and Saline's Point, where they can coal in smooth water and out of the reach of telegraphic communication. This channel is not much used, and affords an entry to the Caribbean Sea with but small chances of observation.

I am not so familiar with the prospective northern rendezvous, and therefore cannot speak so positively. I feel quite confident there are several cargoes of coal on Spanish account afloat and bound towards the West Indies, but none of them will be sent to ports, but to out-of-the-way places, or perhaps to rendezvous at designated places by latitude and longitude. Maria Galante, a small island lying to the eastward of Guadeloupe, affords an excellent place for coaling unobserved, and it is likely that there are special agents of Spain in waiting there to receive and deliver cablegrams between the Madrid authorities and the fleet.

The condition of the vessels as observed by me at Curaçoa was lamentable. The ships were untidy. The bottoms were very foul, being covered with long green grass. The men were not only dirty, but looked half-starved. My scouts report that the guns were in good condition. I have no doubt that if they come to a fight it will be desperate for a few minutes, but I question whether their ships would meet ours in battle array, for I believe Admiral Cervera would blow them up before he would let them fall into our hands. This was the opinion of every one who conversed with the Spanish officers in Curaçoa.

B. S. OSBON,

Rear-Admiral, United States Naval Veterans.

[NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—Captain B. S. Osbon, who served as a naval scout on board the Royal Dutch mail steamer *Prins Frederick Hendrick* on her voyage from La Guayra to New York, and was the first one to definitely locate Admiral Cervera's fleet, was born in Rye, Westchester County, New York, nearly seventy years ago, and is the oldest son of the late Rev. A. M. Osbon, D.D., of the New York Methodist Conference, and a brother of Rev. Elias S. Osbon, D.D., presiding elder of the New York district. He has spent most of his life on the sea, and has served in the navies of China, Argentine Republic, Mexico, and is a naval veteran of the late Civil War. He served as signal officer on the *Harriet Lane* in April, 1861, when she formed one of the fleet that was sent to the relief of Fort Sumter; was with Flag Officer S. F. Dupont on the *Wabash*, at the capture of Port Royal, and was Admiral Farragut's signal-officer on the flag-ship *Hartford* at the capture of New Orleans, and was with Commander J. L. Worden on the ironclad *Montauk* at Fort McAllister, on the Ogeechee River. He has been captain, commodore, and twice rear-admiral of the National Association of Naval Veterans of the United States. For his valuable services as volunteer naval scout in locating Admiral Cervera's fleet he has just received the hearty thanks of the Navy Department.]

That Cadiz Fleet.

THE WAR-SHIPS THAT SPAIN HAS LEFT FOR ACTION.

THE Spanish fleet at Manila having been smashed by Admiral Dewey, and the ships under Admiral Cervera securely corked up in the Santiago harbor by the sunken *Merrimac*, the question naturally rises as to what Spain has left for our gunners to practice on in the shape of war-vessels. She has practically nothing except the fleet under Admiral Camara, which has been located by the rumor-makers during the past few weeks at almost every point of the watery globe from the Caribbean to the Yellow Sea, but which has nevertheless safely been sheltered the most of the time in home waters at Cadiz, Spain. Whether it is there or not at this writing, is a subject of lively conjecture. Advices that seem to be trustworthy have it steaming across the Atlantic for Cuban waters, to try conclusions with our battle-ships.

Some of the ships in this fleet of Camara's are well built and well equipped and not to be despised. With good gunnery they might give our best fighting-ships a bad half-hour or more. Among these are the *Pelayo*, which is about equal to our second-class battle-ship *Texas*, and the *Carlos V.*, an armored cruiser of a very good type. Another is the *Alfonso XII.*, a protected cruiser a little larger than our *Baltimore*, with better coal capacity and higher speed. Together with these are a number of gun-boats, small cruisers, and torpedo-boat destroyers, presenting altogether an array that would be formidable if the

ships were commanded and manned by almost any one except Spaniards.

The Battle at Santiago.

THE HARBOR BOMBARDED BY OUR FLEET ON JUNE 6TH.

THE harbor of the old city of Santiago de Cuba, on the extreme southeast coast of Cuba, was the scene on June 6th of the first prolonged and decisive naval engagement of the present war in American waters. On Sunday, June 5th, it was noted by Admiral Sampson that the Spaniards were busy repairing the damages inflicted by Commodore Schley a few days before, and were also erecting new defenses. He determined to stop this. A conference was held and next morning at 7.45 o'clock the bombardment began. It lasted until 10.20 o'clock. Ten of our war-ships engaged in the fight. They were the flag-ship *New York*, the *Iowa*, *Oregon*, *Yankee*, *Dolphin*, *Brooklyn*, *Massachusetts*, *Texas*, *Vixen*, and *Suwanee*. As usual, the gains were all on the American side, while the losses fell to the Spaniards. Only one man was injured in our fleet and two vessels were slightly damaged. The Spaniards kept up a furious fire from their forts and shore batteries until they were silenced, but they "hit nothing but the water." On the other hand, the bombardment from the American fleet was not only terrific, but effective. When it ended, all the Spanish fortifications in sight were a mass of shapeless ruins. The losses of the enemy in dead and wounded are not known, but it is believed they were large. The Spanish admit that sixteen of their men were killed and thirty-seven wounded, including a number of officers.

Our illustration gives a panoramic view of Santiago harbor and its surroundings, with the principal points reached by the fire of our ships properly indicated. At the opening of the narrow and tortuous channel is marked the spot where the *Merrimac* was sunk by the gallant Hobson. Other points brought within range of our long-distance guns were Cinco Reales, Punta Gorda, Cayo Smith, Zocapa, Batena de la Estrella, and the Morro, all of which were fortified. The latter was the chief stronghold, and against it the hottest fire was directed. When the action was over, the walls of old Morro were torn and rent where the solid shot had plowed through. A short distance beneath the Morro stands an old stone fortification, where Lieutenant Hobson and his comrades of the *Merrimac* are confined. The surprising accuracy of the American fire is illustrated by the fact that the batteries on the rocky table below this stone building were ruined by shots from Commodore Schley's squadron, while that building itself was purposely left unharmed by our gunners. Some of the shells from our ships reached the city, six miles away, but this was unintentional.

Santiago is the oldest city in Cuba, and was for a long time the capital of the island. It was founded in 1514 by Diego Velasquez. Its present population is over 70,000. It has some fine buildings, especially the cathedral, built in 1522. It is now the second commercial port in the island, and the possession of it by our forces will give them virtual control of more than half of Cuba. The insurgents have long held everything in eastern Cuba except Santiago and a few other fortified coast towns.

Life-Insurance Questions Answered.

[Inquirers who desire an immediate or personal response to their letters should inclose a two-cent stamp.]

"G. W.," of St. Louis, sends a lot of figures to prove that certain companies are more economically administered than certain others. He wants me to analyze the figures. I have no doubt that the agents of the companies which he criticises will be able to furnish just as good figures as the companies that "G. W." recommends. It is a fallacy to say that figures will not lie. Figures as ordinarily presented by an insurance-agent do little else.

"J. C. Lee," Erie, Pennsylvania: Your friend, whose premium in the Connecticut Life and Annuity, on a \$5,000 life policy, has risen during the past nine years from \$25 quarterly to \$62 quarterly, is enjoying precisely the same experience that the members of other assessment concerns are enjoying, or will soon have to pass through. Considering that your friend is not in anything better than "fair health," and that he has reached an age when he would not be a desirable risk for any other company, nothing remains for him to do but to accept the situation and the hardships it apparently involves.

"O. G. S.," Antonito, Colorado: I cannot tell what your policy will return you, and I doubt if any one else can give you figures anticipating results so far ahead. If the policy distinctly states that a certain amount will be paid at its maturity, you can rest assured that it will do so, for the Mutual Life is responsible for whatever agreement it has made. It is one of the strongest companies in existence.

"P. M. T.," The Connecticut Indemnity Association is an assessment concern, and not a very large one. During 1897 the total income was about \$300,000, of which it paid to its members about \$117,000, while its expenses of management were over \$150,000. Its losses resisted and not adjusted aggregated over \$76,000. I should certainly prefer the Mutual Life, the New York Life, or the Equitable.

"N. J. B.," Worcester, Massachusetts: I do not comprehend your inquiry in reference to the Metropolitan Life. I should not prefer it to one of the three greatest New York companies.

"H. B. W.," Burlington, North Carolina: The Travelers Insurance Company, of Hartford, is an old company, but not one of the largest. Its report shows receipts during 1897 of nearly \$3,300,000. It paid to its policy-holders during the year \$1,234,000, and paid for miscellaneous expenses \$812,000. Its loans include a good many on real-estate in the South and West and on the Pacific coast. I would not prefer this company to either one of the three great New York companies. The policy you refer to has some excellent features. (2) The Fidelity Mutual, of Philadelphia, is classed with the assessment companies. I have already expressed my opinion of this company. The circular you inclose will not bear analysis. Consult any authority on insurance whom you may select and he will tear it all to pieces. The history of assessment companies in the East has been a history of failure and hardship. (3) In the case of Harris, if his statement of the facts is accurate, the Knights of Pythias is under a moral, if not a legal, obligation to give him the relief he seeks.

The Hermit.

Financial—Wall Street's Temper.

[Inquirers who desire an immediate or personal response to their letters should inclose a two-cent stamp.]

OCCASIONALLY we hear a croaker on the bear side of the market predicting that this country must suffer frightfully and for a long time as the result of the war with Spain, no matter whether the contest be short or long. Such a war as our civil contest, extending over five years and engaging the flower of our youth, would no doubt be a blight on prosperity for a long time. But the war with Spain is a different thing. At best, it cannot be very protracted. The loss of life cannot be very great

on our side, and, as soon as it ends, our volunteer soldiers will go back to the paths of peace. Spain will suffer for a long time to come, but our natural resources are too great to make our suffering permanent.

When we stop to think that the last year's crops of wheat, corn and oats raised in the United States were valued in the aggregate at over \$1,000,000,000, we can comprehend how great our natural resources are. We are the greatest producers in the agricultural line in the world. We are getting to be the great manufacturing country. We are young and growing, with plenty of room to grow, and nothing can stop us except our own folly. It would require many years even for that to side-track us. This is what is behind the hopeful feeling on Wall Street, but it is well to remember that the speculative element is as sensitive to reverses as it is to success.

"W. H. G.," Philadelphia: The stock you quote is not active on the list. I would not sell it while the market is in its present state. The general expectation is that with the close of the war all sorts of securities, "cats and dogs" included, will have an advance. When you can dispose of the stock with a profit, let it go quickly.

"G. R.," Boston: General Electric has many believers in its future. I would not sell.

"H. C. P.," Omaha: Kansas City, Pittsburg and Gulf, so far as the stock is concerned, has very little value. Rumors are heard in reference to the necessity for a reorganization, which, if confirmed, will mean either the wiping out of the stock or the levying of an assessment upon it.

"A. R.," St. Paul: Northern Pacific common is talked of for a rise. Strong speculative influences are behind it. I do not look upon it as an investment stock.

"R. G.," Portland, Maine: Consolidated Ice common has just paid its quarterly dividend of one per cent. There are indications that this stock will sell much higher on its merits.

"E. F. D.," New Orleans: I do not know the party you name. He certainly is not a conspicuous figure on Wall Street.

"J. J. K.," New York: The plan for the reorganization of the Wheeling and Lake Erie Railway has just been announced. It provides for an assessment of eight dollars per share on the old common stock. There seems to be nothing to do but to lose what you have put in, or pay the assessment and take your chances of a booming market after the close of the war. If you can hold on I think you will come out all right.

JASPER.

Capital Philosophy.

ONE of the best-known characters about the hotel corridors of the national capital is an old colored man (black man would be literally true) who has known pretty near all the Washingtonians worth knowing for five decades and more. In one capacity or another he has been employed where he has come into constant contact with men whose opinions have been quoted—and Uncle Eben remembers to quote them on all possible occasions.

In the Arlington, the other evening, he was asked how and when this war was going to end. "I d'know 'bout dat, sah," he began in a non-committal way, "but dere ain't no sort o' danger of our honor sufferin'. No, sah; 's long's I've bin hyar dis gret country's honor's bin mighty well cayr'd fo'. Some on us talks purty loud, an' some on us talks purty long, but dere's some on us doan' say much—an' dey's lookin' after things de bes'. De golden mean, dat's it. One gen'leman I knows well says golden mean's what does it, an' I believes him."

"Why, what's the 'golden mean,' uncle?" asked his questioner.

"Wall, it's not doin' too much uv anything." Then after a moment's pause he added: "Now take ha'r fer a 'zample. Dere's Samson, he got into trubil 'cause he had his'n cut too short; an' dere's Abs'lum, an' he got into trubil 'cause he didn' have his'n cut short 'nough."

As the group separated, laughing, he was heard to say: "Dere ain't no sort o' danger to we all just's long's we stick fast to de golden mean."

Uncle Eben builded better than he knew. This advice is about as good as can be given, and the man who trims his sails by the old Horatian wisdom stands the best chance of steering his craft to success. "It's not doing too much of anything." All that helps you to follow that course is to be sought after.

Nor will anything else help you to this more surely than will life insurance. Unwise expenditure is curtailed that the premiums may be met, and at the same time that one is learning in this way proper economy and self-restraint, one is saving in the surest of banks a fund which will enable him to enjoy this good world all the more when he will best know how to enjoy it.

In life insurance, however, as in all things else, there is a choice to be shown if one is to decide wisely. There are companies, and some of them (as the little boy said of yesterday's green apples) "promised well—and that's all to say." Among all the good companies, one is pre-eminently best, and to that one—to the Mutual Life Insurance Company, of New York—you are invited to turn to-day for the surest helps towards reaching the golden mean that leads to success.

Mutual Reserve All Right.

STATE EXAMINERS SAY IT PAYS EVERY PROPER DEATH CLAIM.

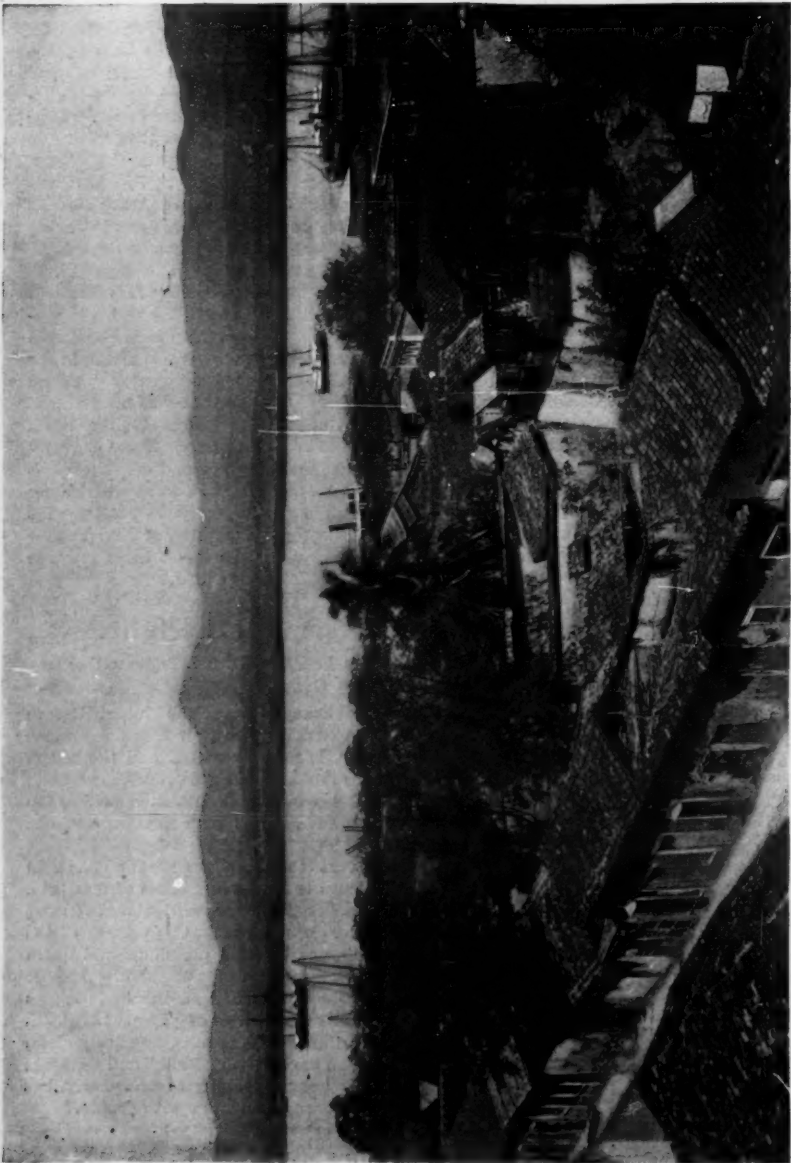
ALBANY, June 2d.—The examination of the Mutual Reserve of New York, which has occupied the New York Insurance Department three months, is now completed and the report filed. The annual statement of December 31st, 1897, is verified, and the difference in invested and cash assets, as valued by the examiners and the association, is less than five-sixths of one per cent.

The examiners report that the present reserve fund has been accumulated by and belongs to the latter classes of members, and it is declared in the report that a reapportionment of rates was necessary on the older class "to make this portion of the membership self-sustaining as between premiums and death losses."

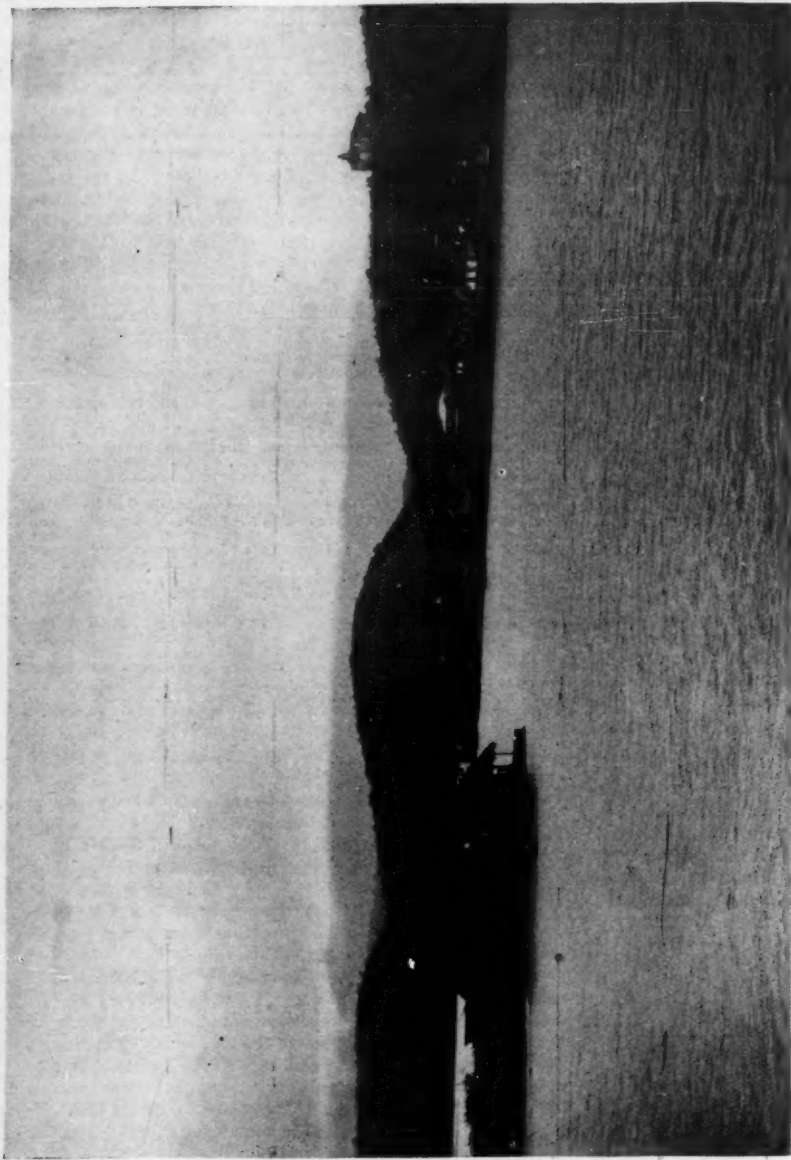
The report commends the system of book-keeping, declares the association solvent, and in the matter of payment of death claims says that the association "pays in full every death claim that is a proper charge upon the mortuary fund," and that "in every case of settlement or compromise the management has sought to protect the members against an unjust demand."

FOOD FOR INFANTS.

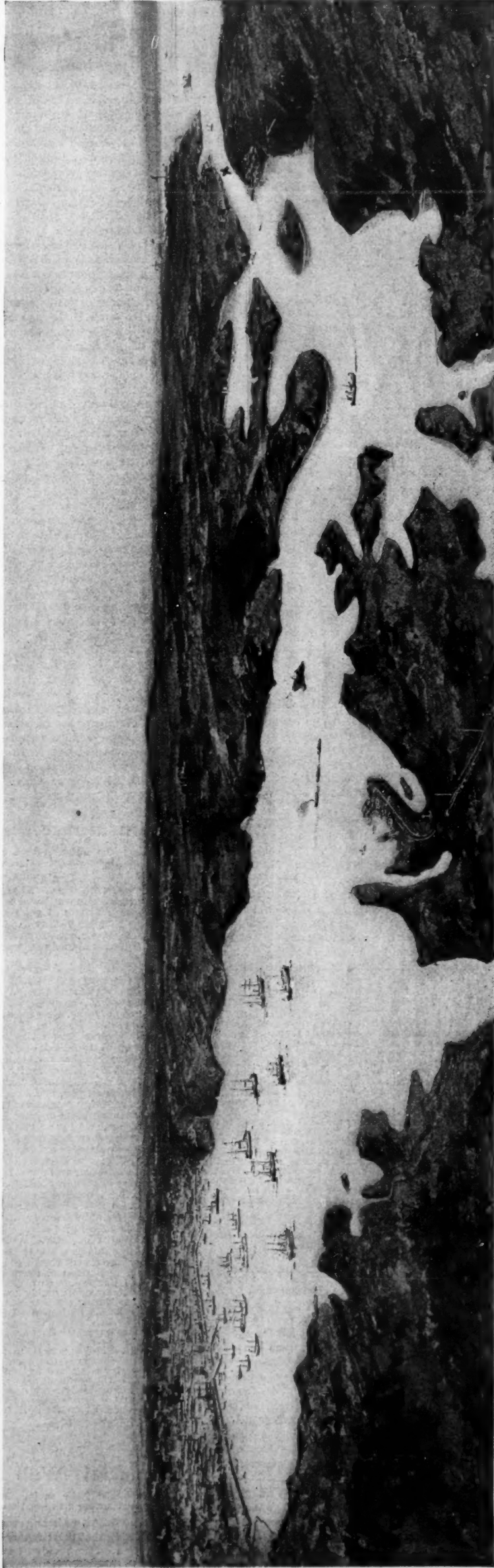
THE Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk, as a baby food from the hour of birth, stands without a competitor, presenting, as it does, the most perfect preparation of milk for the use of infants.



SANTIAGO FROM THE MARKET.



PILOT TOWER, SANTIAGO HARBOR.

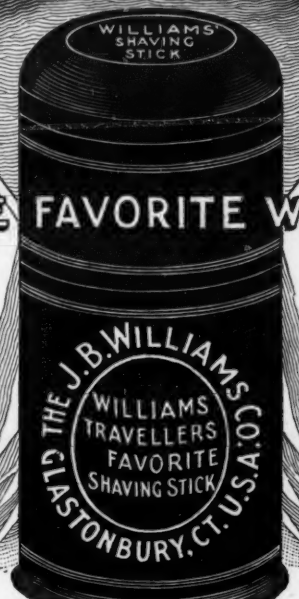


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|-----------|-----------------------|-----------------|---------------|---------------|-----------------|---------------|------------------|------------------------|---------------------|-------------------------|-----------------------|
| Matadero. | La ville. | Navio Soberano. | Punta Blanca. | Punta de Sal. | Punta de Racey. | Cayo Ratones. | Punta de Lineta. | Enzenador del Nispero. | Vigia Faro. | Ch. del Morro. | Il Morrillo. |
| Le port. | Casa de Beneficencia. | Buena Vista. | | | | | | | Pa de los Soldados. | Bateria de la Estrella. | Punta de los Canones. |
| | | | | | | | | | Cayo Smith. | Ch. Sta Catalina. | (*Sunken "Merrimac.") |
| | | | | | | | | | | La Socapa. | |

PANORAMIC VIEW OF SANTIAGO HARBOR AND SURROUNDINGS.

SHOWING POINTS BOMBARDED BY ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLEET AND THE SPANISH SHIPS IN THE INNER HARBOR : ALSO THE LOCATION OF THE SUNKEN "MERRIMAC."—[SEE PAGE 411.]

WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK



THE FAVORITE WITH ARMY AND NAVY.

Williams' Shaving Soaps were adopted as the "Standard for quality" by the U. S. Naval Department nearly fifty years ago. They are used exclusively at Annapolis, and on all U. S. Naval Vessels, at West Point and the principal Army Posts. Their rich, creamy, healing lather has made Williams' Shaving Soaps Standard of the World.

Williams' Shaving Soaps are sold everywhere, but sent by mail if your dealer does not supply you.

Williams' Shaving Stick, 25 cents. Luxury Shaving Tablet, 25 cents.
 Genuine Yankee Shaving Soap, 10 cents. Swiss Violet Shaving Cream, 80 cents.
 Williams' Shaving Soap (Barbers'), 6 round cakes, 1 lb., 40 cts. Exquisite also for toilet.
 Williams' Glycerated Tar Soap, 15 cents.


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and we will send you this **OUR SPECIAL HIGH GRADE 1898 Model Gents' or Ladies' Bicycle** by express C. O. D. subject to examination. You can examine it at your nearest express office and if found perfectly satisfactory, exactly as represented and the most wonderful Bicycle Bargain you ever saw or heard of, pay the express agent the balance, \$18.75 and express charges.

At \$19.75 We shall sell 2000 SPECIAL regular \$50.00 High-Grade, guaranteed, 1898 Model Bicycles in either Gents' or Ladies'.

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THIS SPECIAL WHEEL at \$19.75 is a wonder of value, strictly high-grade and equal to any bicycle you can buy anywhere at \$40.00 to \$50.00. Strictly up-to-date. Covered by binding guarantee. Has all the good points and late improvements of all high-grade bicycles with the defects of none. Our SPECIAL Bicycle at \$19.75 is made by one of the largest, oldest, best known and most reliable bicycle makers in America. The identical same bicycle as is sold everywhere under their special name and name plate at \$40.00 to \$50.00, nevertheless. The name of the maker is a household word among bicycle riders. You will recognize the bicycle the moment you see it as the same high-grade bicycle sold everywhere at \$40.00 and upwards. In offering 2,000 at the unheard of price of \$19.75, we are pledged not to use the maker's name or name plate.

DESCRIPTION. OUR SPECIAL 1898 Bicycle now offered at \$19.75 is made from the very best material throughout, only first-class mechanics are employed and the finish is such as can be found only in the highest grade wheels. **FRAME** is 24 inches deep, true diamond, (Ladies' is 22 inches, curve above with two center braces) 1 1/4-inch highest grade imported German seamless tubing. **FORK CROWNS**, drop forged, highly polished and finished and nickel-plated. **HANDLE-BARS**, very latest and best wood or nickel, up or down curve or ram's horn. **WHEELS**, highest grade, 28-inch. **SPOKES**, highest grade, 14-16 swaged. **HUBS**, latest large tubular, turned from bar steel. **RIMS**, highest grade non-warpable wood. **TIRE**, our own special guaranteed strictly high-grade single tube pneumatic, complete with pump and repair kit. **CRANKS**, highest grade forging, 6 1/2-inch throw, highly nickel-plated. **PEDALS**, handiest and best rat trap. **BEARINGS**, highest grade tool steel, highly finished. **SPROCKETS**, latest forgings, heavily nickel-plated, detachable. **SADDLE**, strictly high-grade, padded. **Weight**, 25 lbs. Full ball bearing with tool bag, pump, wrench, oiler and repair kit.

OUR GUARANTEE. We issue a written binding, one year guarantee, during which time if any piece or part gives out by reason of defect in workmanship or material, **WE WILL REPLACE IT FREE OF CHARGE.** With care the bicycle will last 10 years.

SEND US ONE DOLLAR State whether Ladies' or Gents', kind of handle bars and color of finish and we will send you the bicycle by express C. O. D. subject to examination. You can examine it at the express office and if you find it equal to any bicycle you can buy elsewhere for \$40.00 to \$50.00, and such a bargain as you never saw before, pay the express agent the balance, \$18.75, and express charges. **OUR FREE BICYCLE CATALOGUE** shows a complete line of bicycles at \$13.95, \$19.75, \$22.50, etc. Also a full line of bicycle sundries, bicycle clothing, etc. **SEND FOR IT.**

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SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., (Inc.) Failon, Desplains and Wayman Bldg. CHICAGO.
(SEARS, ROEBUCK & Co. are thoroughly reliable and for \$19.75 this is surely a wonder bicycle.—EDITOR.)

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MARRY A PLAIN GIRL IF SHE USES

SAPOLIO

LONG BEACH HOTEL AND COTTAGES, Long Beach, L. I.



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WHY YOU SHOULD RIDE A Crescent Bicycle

The PRICE as well as the QUALITY is guaranteed. If you buy a Crescent you will never be annoyed by having a duplicate of your wheel advertised at department-store prices.



Crescents are sold through bicycle dealers only. . .

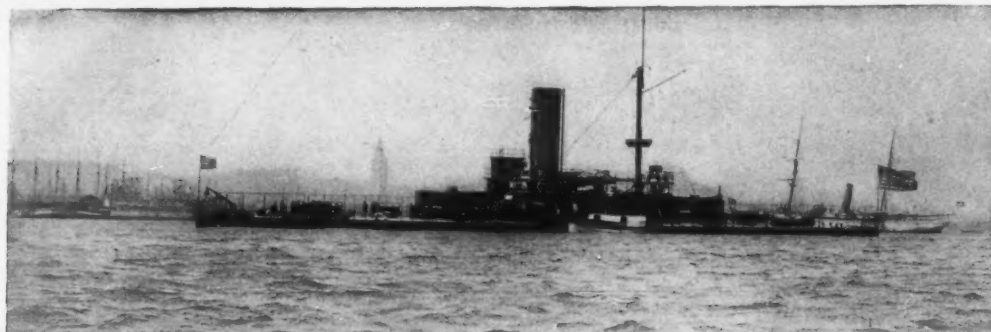
ART CATALOGUE with "Care of the Wheel," FREE. . .

WE CATER TO THOSE WHO DEMAND THE BEST.

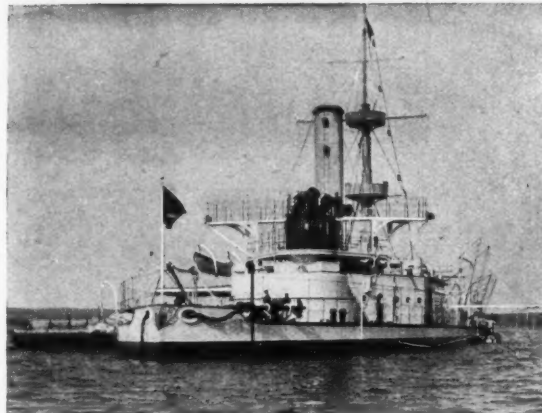
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CHICAGO Makers NEW YORK

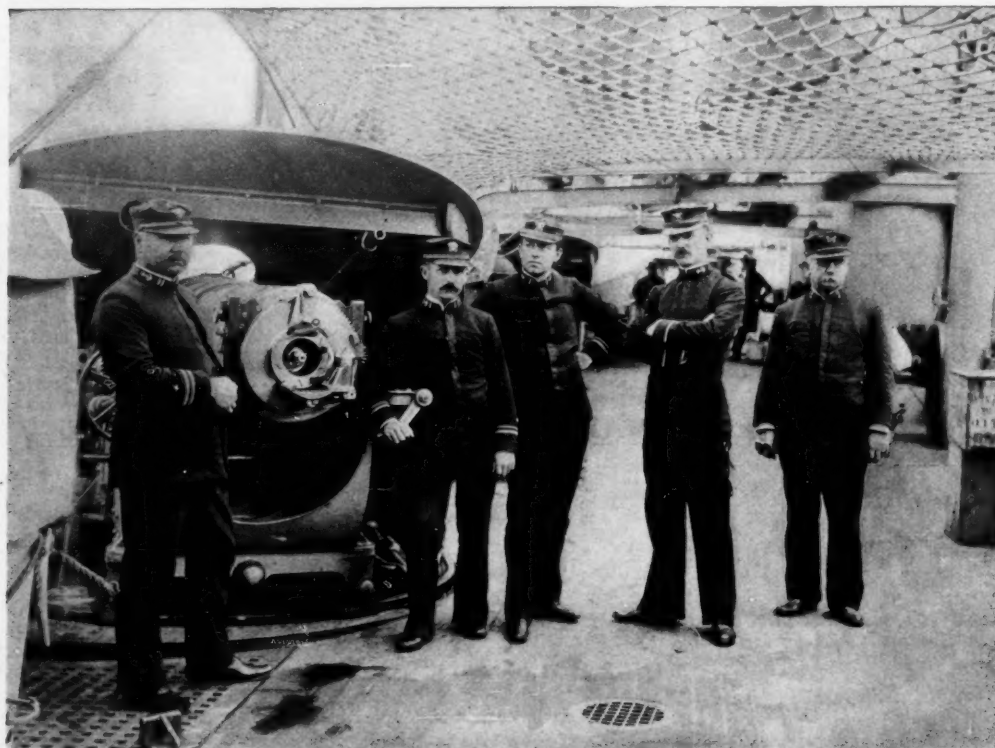
"AMERICA'S GREAT RESORTS" — 48 pages, with map, sent free on receipt of a two-cent stamp by George H. Daniels, C. P. A., New York Central, New York.



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CREW OF THE "CHARLESTON"—AFTER HAVING LOADED COAL ALL DAY.



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ARRIVAL OF THE FAMOUS TENTH PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS.

WAR-SCENES AT SAN FRANCISCO.

SHIPS AND TROOPS FOR THE PHILIPPINES—ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION OF THE TENTH PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS—THE BOYS DECORATED WITH FLOWERS.—[SEE PAGE 407.]

Monk on Guard

LESLIE'S WEEKLY

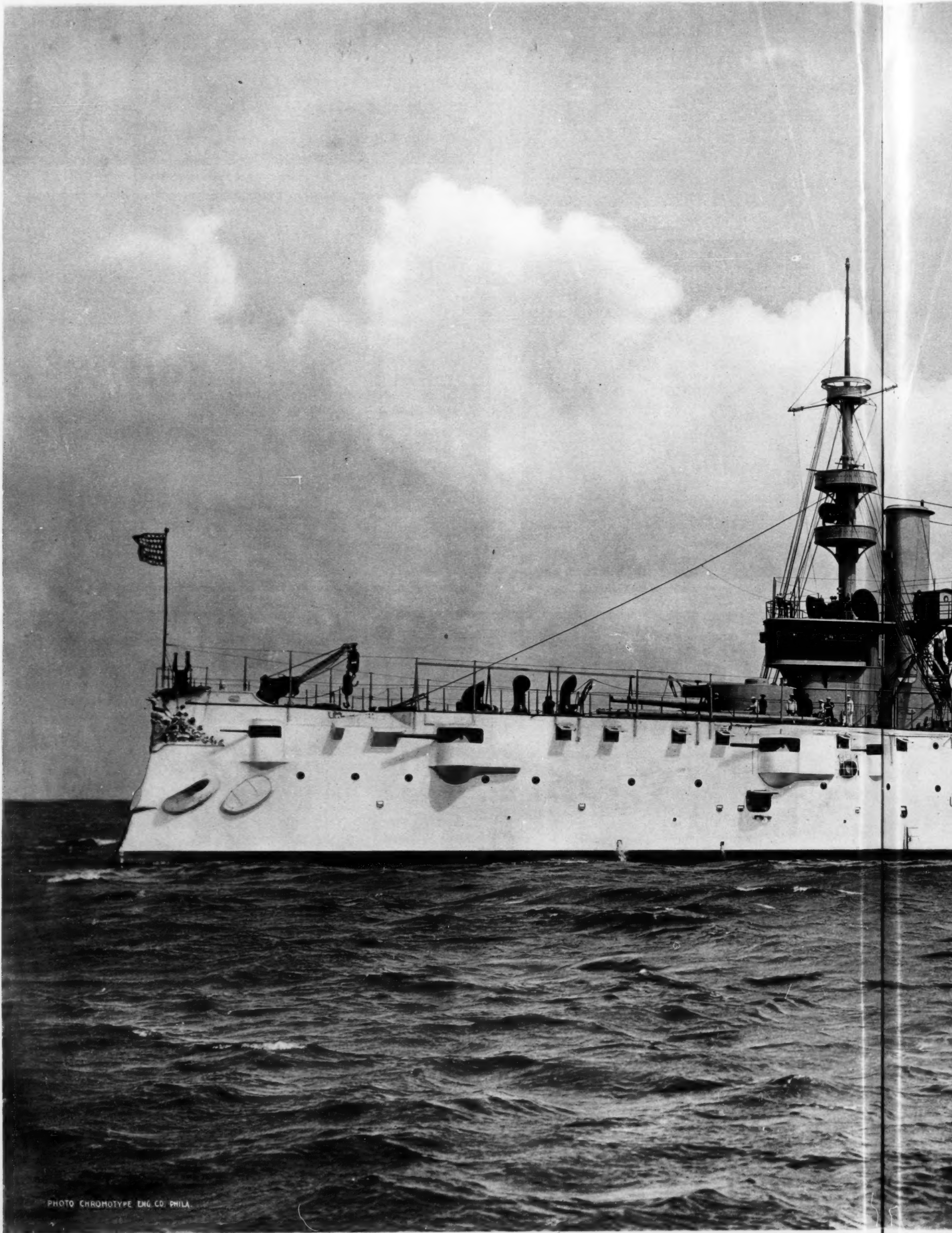
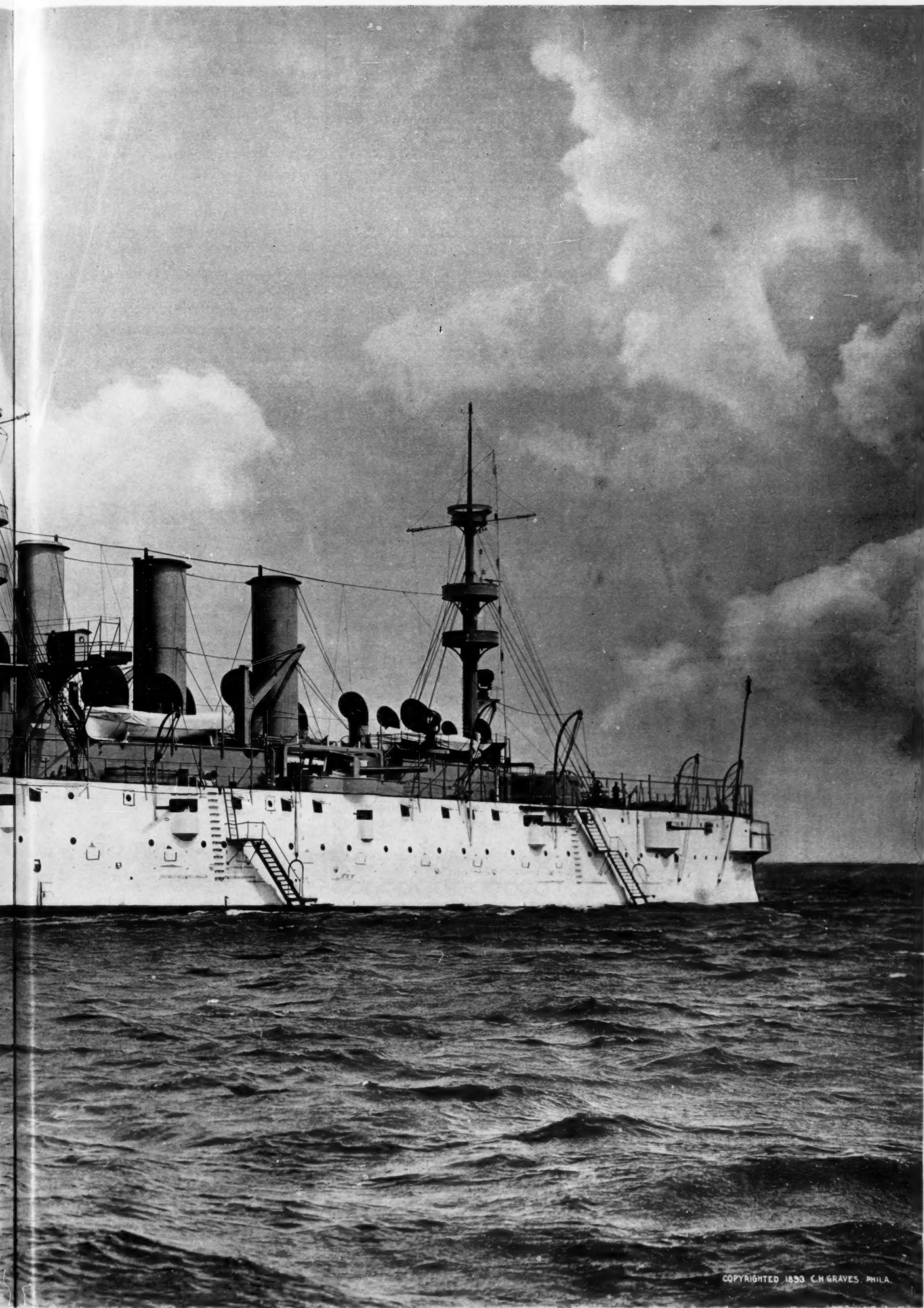


PHOTO CHROMOTYPE ENG. CO. PHILA.

THE "NEW YORK"

FLAG-SHIP OF ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S SQUADRON, NOW OPERATING

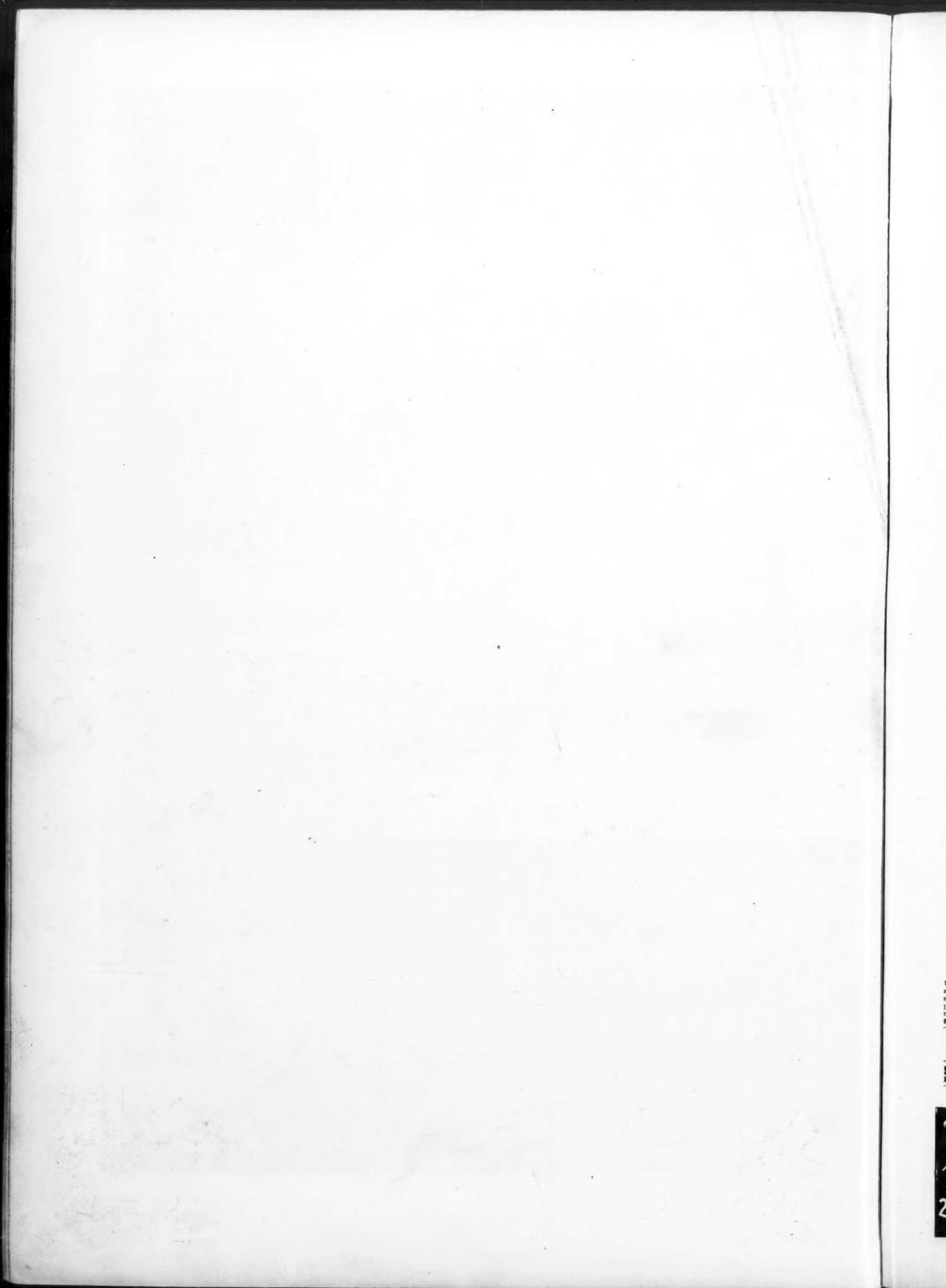
WEEKLY.



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W YORK."

DRUM, NOW OPERATING AGAINST SANTIAGO.



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"Beauty is but skin-deep" was probably meant to disparage beauty. Instead it tells how easy that beauty is to attain.

"There is no beauty like the beauty of health" was also meant to disparage. Instead it encourages beauty.

Pears' Soap is the means of health to the skin, and so to both these sorts of beauty.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

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NOTICE.—A set of six beautiful albotype views of Rocky Mountain scenery, on 11x14 paper, suitable for framing, will be mailed upon receipt of fifty cents (money order), sent to S. K. Hooper, general passenger and ticket agent, Denver, Colorado.

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SEND a two-cent stamp to Edson J. Weeks, General Passenger Agent Philadelphia and Reading Railway, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and receive by return mail an illustrated booklet on Atlantic City, giving list of hotels and boarding-houses, as well as other information of value. Please note also that frequent fast trains equipped with Pullman parlor-cars and latest improved modern coaches run between Philadelphia and New York City via Philadelphia and Reading route.

INACTIVE liver, depressed spirits—make both right with Abbott's—The Original Angostura Bitters. The genuine Abbott's will revolutionize the system.

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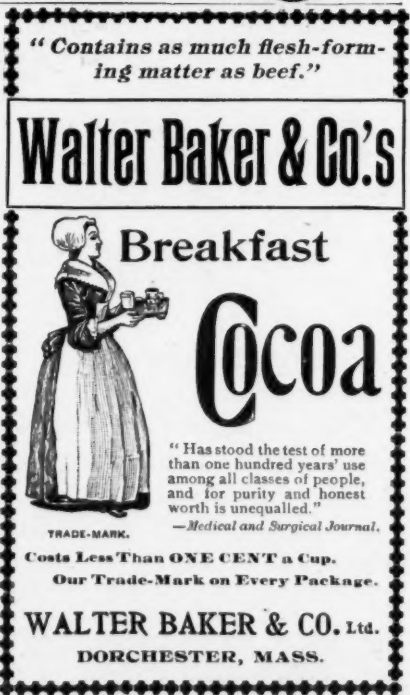
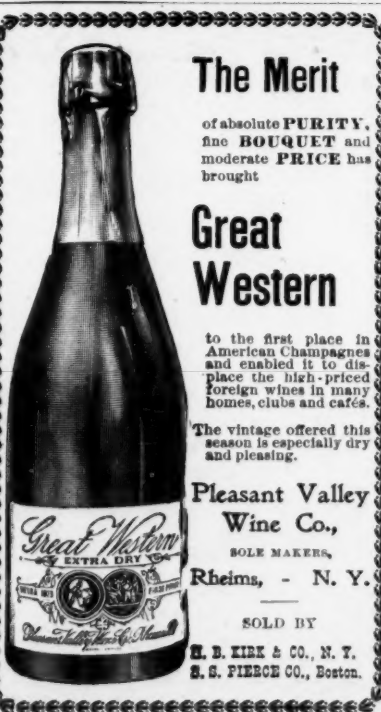
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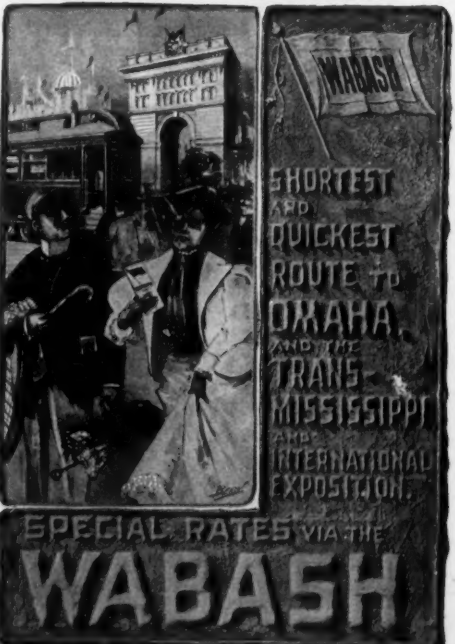
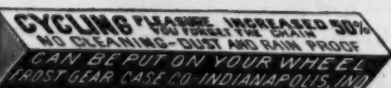


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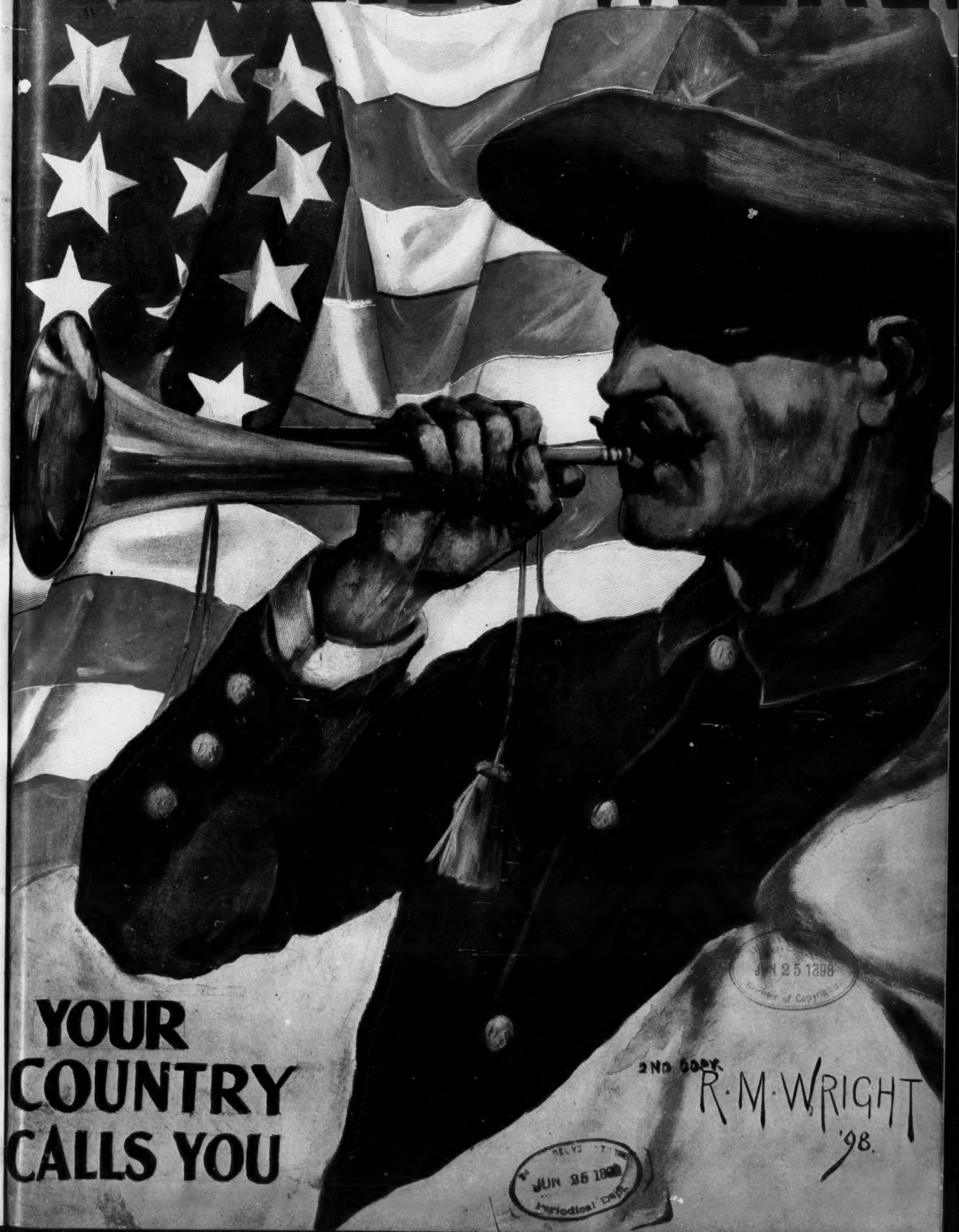
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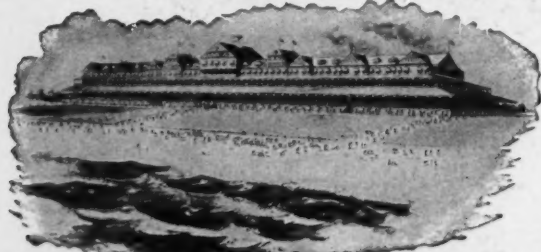
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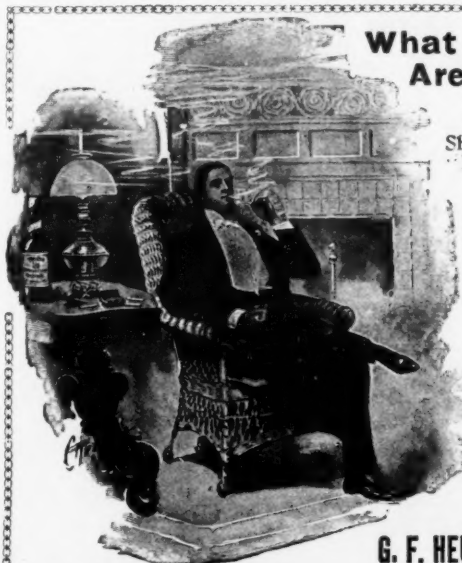
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